APRIL 26, 1941

AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢

WHAT HITLER TOLD ME ABOUT PEACE, by Dr. Otto Strasser

low Clark Gable Created a New Hedy Lamarr, by Frederick Lewis

"Every Spring We get the Travel Bug"

1 THAT FIRST ROBIN—your first breath of spring air! Doesn't it make you feel like "playing hookey"? You begin to THINK OF YOUR CAR—you yearn to get out and GO!

2 YOU FAIRLY ITCH to get behind the wheel. *But wait!* Right there you realize the car'll run a lot better with a change to that improved Mobiloil—and with those winter squeaks ironed out. A quick stop at your Mobiloil Dealer's—then you're on your way—your car has a really FRESH START FOR SPRING!

3 THIS IS THE LIFE! Not a worry in the world! The car's all set for wonderful spring trips—protected for summer driving. You bet it pays to START FRESH!

GIVE YOUR CAR A FRESH START

EVERY THOUSAND MILES

4 HERE'S WHAT WE MEAN by a "Fresh Start"! *First*—improved Mobiloil—it cleans as it lubricates! *Then*—*Mobilubrication* for vital chassis parts to quiet annoying squeaks. *Next*—your gear oil checked, Mobiloil Gear Oil added. *Fourth*—your radiator conditioned. *Finally*—plugs, lights, battery—everything serviced!

COPR. 1941, SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.

5 WHAT A *FRESH START* MEANS TO YOU: Your car's revitalized — really *fun* to drive again. And Mobiloil is protecting your engine —retarding dangerous wear.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC., *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Company, General Petroleum Corporation of California.

"I FEEL LIKE A *Queen...* on a Pullman!"

★ IT DOES NOT PAY to endure unnecessary travel discomfort, when Rail-Pullman offers the country's most comfortable transportation. It doesn't pay to get there all tired out.

The great advantage of Pullman travel is that it enables you to travel at night and get a good sleep that fits you for the next day! It permits you to retire in the same complete privacy that you enjoy in your own home . . . and gives you many hotel-like comforts and conveniences that no other form of travel affords.

So go this way that gives you more for your money! The way that makes travel a happy, memorable experience. The way that's dependable! Go by Pullman . . . the safest fast transportation in the world.

You'll feel "tops," too, when you go Pullman! And you'll arrive refreshed and looking your best. (Note more complete list of Pullman advantages below.)

YOUR DAY starts right in a dressing room like this. Lots of light and mirrors, chairs, dressing shelf. Plenty of towels and hot water, of course! Every convenience for toilet, dressing. Comparable facilities in men's dressing rooms.

7 *Great Pullman Travel Advantages:*

SAFETY *many-times-greater than any other form of transportation. On Rail-Pullman you're protected by the country's greatest safety system!*

DEPENDABILITY *and convenience unmatched! Fast, frequent schedules . . . Hundreds of Pullman trains serve America every day regardless of weather.*

ROOMINESS—*room to "stretch out." Room to take it easy and move about. Ample space for personal luggage, without extra charge.*

"HOME-LIKE" COMFORTS. *Completely-equipped dressing rooms. Individual toilet facilities in private rooms. Principal trains carry club cars.*

SERVICE—*courteous, efficient, hospitable.*

PRIVACY—*freedom from unwelcome intrusions. Your accommodation is your own—you don't have to share it with anybody!*

SLEEP, *undressed, in a real bed—just as you do at home. Pullman gets you there feeling fit!*

Travel on new Credit Plan. Ask your ticket agent about it. Pullman service also available over certain routes in Canada and Mexico.

Go *Pullman*...the "1ST CLASS" Way to Travel

APRIL 26, 1941

Liberty

VOL. 18, NO. 17

O. J. ELDER
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

THE PUBLIC WILL NOT BE DAMNED

IN this free country there are certain wise restrictions on freedom.

We are free, for example, to own our own home. That is our castle. But the time may come when the welfare of the community demands that a road be cut through the land where one man's castle stands. The home owner may feel indignant. He may not want to move. Nevertheless, by what is called the right of eminent domain, his property can be condemned; government will pay him a fair price and then tear down his house to make room for the road.

In other words, a man has the right to own his own home only so long as his ownership does not interfere with the welfare of the people as a whole.

This is common sense and has always been the law since the foundation of this democracy. Yet today the principle that public welfare transcends private interest is being frequently flouted, if not forgotten, in a plague of labor disputes.

The right of labor to organize and to strike is no longer in question. The right of the public to be protected against the effect of such strikes seems to be very much in question. Yet the protection of the public in such disputes is paramount. A serious strike may concern a great many people besides the workmen and the employers. In these days of international crises, a strike in a munitions plant may determine the very fate of this country's future. It may even make a Hitler victory possible.

Consider what happened in New York only a few weeks ago. The metropolis was already enduring the worst weather it had known in years. Then came the bus strike. Millions of men and women, neither bosses nor employees of the bus companies, were gravely inconvenienced. In fact, the bus employees and bosses were not inconvenienced at all, for as long as the strike continued they did not have to get to work.

It was the innocent bystander who suffered.

This innocent bystander is the major party in any important strike. He represents the people of the United States—the whole people—the farmer, the miner, the white-collar worker, the child who goes to school. All these have a stake in the strike. Their welfare is at stake.

And their protection must be the first consideration.

How is it, then, that the American people can take this pestilence of strikes so lightheartedly? How can they believe that a strike is merely a private fight between an obstinate employer and an obdurate labor leader?

Have they forgotten France in those three crucial years before the war?

Let one point be clear: There are undoubtedly many just causes for strikes. All too often questions of wages, of hours, of working conditions cannot be settled by conferences and discussion. Employers are stubborn. So are employees. Sometimes the air is filled with bad temper, injustice, and just plain cussedness. When such conditions prevail, who can blame labor if it strikes?

But there are two types of strikes that must be outlawed.

One is the political strike. The other is the jurisdictional strike. Both are against the interests of the American people. Neither should be tolerated. They sacrifice the welfare of the worker, the employer, and the people to the private interests of the labor leader.

What is a political strike? It is a strike usually forced upon the workers by men who call themselves labor leaders but who are really Communists, Fascists, Nazis, or other similar vermin. Their aim is to demoralize our democracy. They seek to use American labor, not to improve its conditions but to bring about a change of government in this country through a breakdown of our own system. These men are opposed to aid to Britain. They are opposed to national defense. They do not say so, but actually they follow the policy of Stalin. They favor the schemes of Hitler. They believe in international murder. Their plan is to dupe the American worker—to slow up American industry and to help Hitler win.

What is a jurisdictional strike? A jurisdictional strike is nothing more nor less than a struggle for power between two unions, each of which wants to grab everything for itself. Does this mean a denial of collective bargaining? It means nothing of the kind. Collective bargaining has been written into the law of the land. The American people have agreed that workers should organize in unions for purposes of collective bargaining. But no law ever passed by Congress, and no will of the American people ever intended that unions be allowed to hold up vital national defense operations while they bicker among themselves as to which union should have jurisdiction in a plant.

In a jurisdictional fight, wages, hours, working conditions are seldom, if ever, involved. Here it is not a question of the worker against the employer. It is union against union, labor leader against labor leader.

And the innocent bystander, the American people, the very destiny of the nation are imperiled!

Liberty believes that strikes such as these must be stopped because they are evil to the core. There is no place for them in the American way of life. The free American people will not tolerate such practices while taxing themselves for billions of dollars to provide national defense and sending their boys to camps to prepare them to save this democracy.

Here is the open opportunity for the labor leaders of this country to display their statesmanship and their patriotism. They should outlaw such strikes themselves. They should cut this double cancer out of the labor movement. If they do not do so, the American people will. And when the American people lose their temper, they sometimes go further than they intended.

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THREE CHEERS FOR DAN BEARD!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Liberty to me was never frivolous, always dignified, great, sublime, and I know you will forgive me when I say, as a subscriber, that I do not think your magazine should have grotesque, up-to-date, frivolous designs on its cover.

Nothing can be too dignified, nothing can be too grand for the word Liberty. Other magazines may very appropriately have all sorts of grotesque covers, but today Liberty means more than it ever did before, and it hurts me to see the emblems of the modern devil-may-care age reflected upon its cover.

Do not forget that I am in my ninety-first year, near the end of the trail, standing on the peak of the Great Divide, where the pony tracks all point one way, and that from my lofty position my horizon is only limited by the dim circle where the material and the spiritual meet.—*Daniel Carter Beard.*

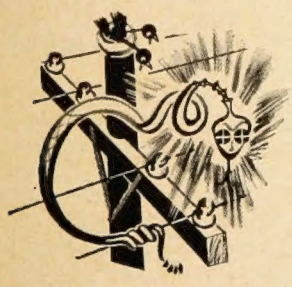
SNAKE UP 25-FOOT POLE

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO — This clipping from the Cleveland Plain Dealer ought to settle your snake-climbing controversy which has been hissing through Vox Pop.—*F. G. Ball.*

[Enclosure]

HIGH-TENSION DRAMA

DENMARK, S. C., March 1—(AP)—J. D. Shilliot, power company lineman, found a snake electrocuted atop a 25-foot pole. There was also a sparrow's nest, which the snake apparently had been after.



I-BRING-'EM-BACK RESPONSE

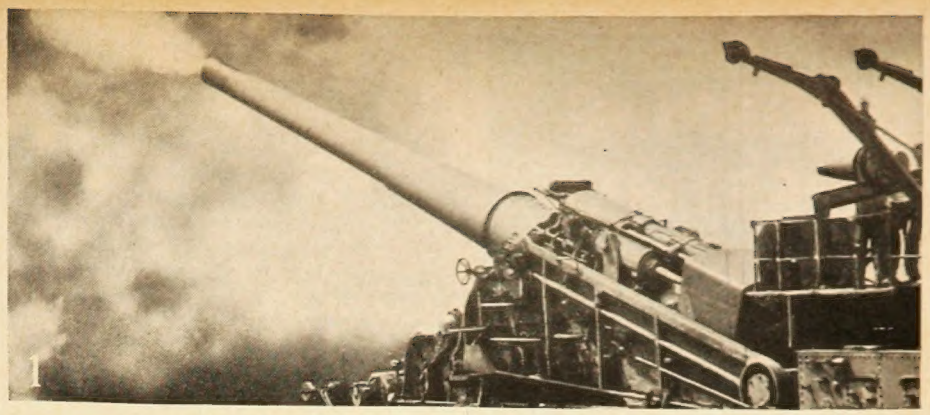
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since my article, I Bring 'Em Back, appeared in March 1 Liberty, I have received more than 800 pieces of mail, mostly from women who had been deserted by their husbands.

I want to thank you for your interest in the workings of the Skip Tracers Company.—*Daniel M. Eisenberg.*

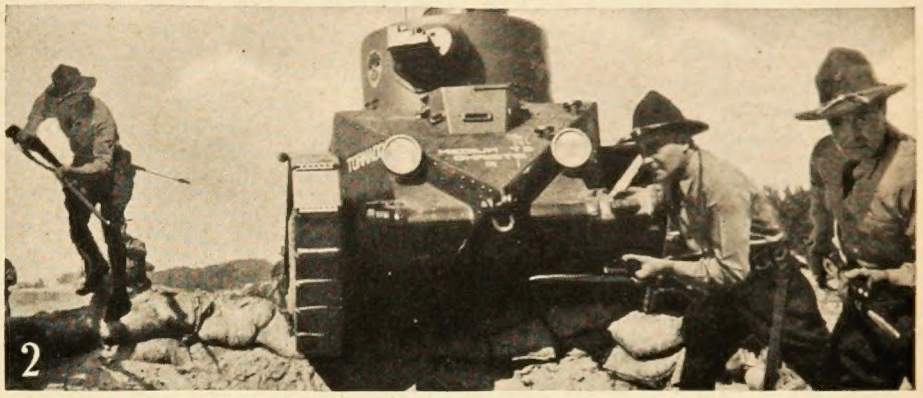
CALL 'EM "SAMMIES"

ROCKFORD, ILL.—How about calling the boys in training "Sammies"? A "Sammy" is the nephew of Uncle Sam, isn't he?—*Mrs. Lee Justice.*

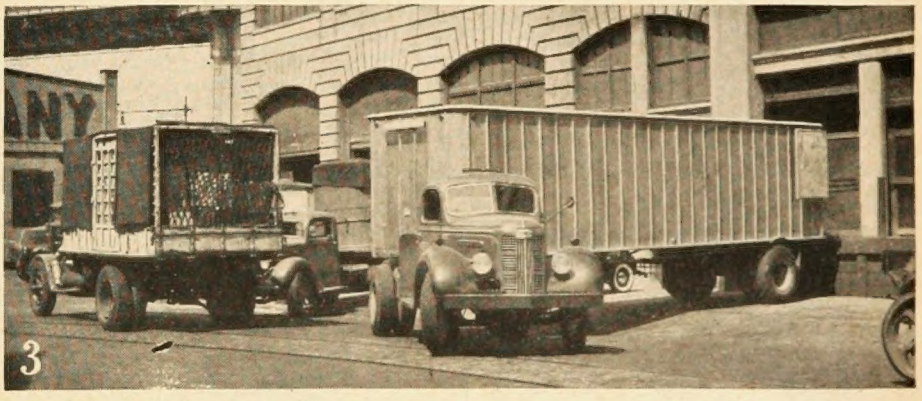
(*Continued on page 6*)



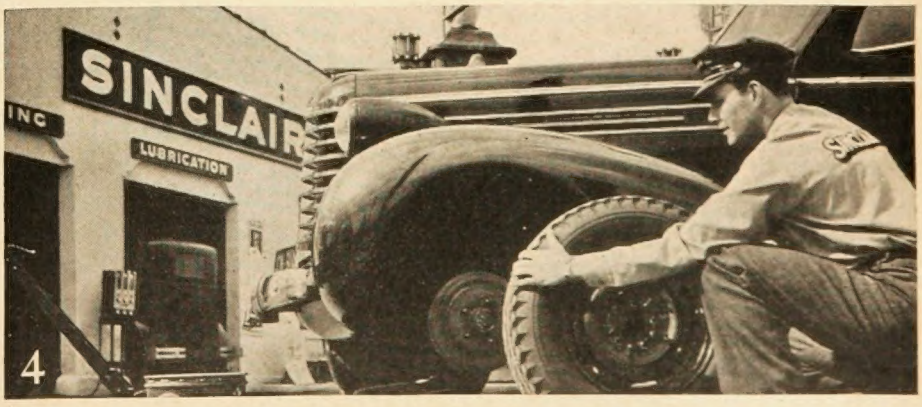
Guns must be ready to thunder along our coasts...



...tanks must be ready to roll across the countryside. But long before this comes the Battle of Production. In this great battle where transportation is a vital factor...



... many thousands of trucks and buses are Sinclair-lubricated Trucks and buses using Sinclair lubricants travel 2 billion miles each year. To get this same expert lubrication for your...



... car see your nearby Sinclair dealer. Ask him particularly about his Sinclair-ize for Summer service. It protects your car against wear and tear of summer driving.

MORNING "UPSETTING" EXERCISES
Every Man Can Avoid

1. Takes razor apart.

2. Removes old blade.

3. Drops razor part.

4. Gets new blade.

5. Gingerly extracts the paper-thin blade from its fussy wrapping.

6. Puts blade in razor—screws up parts—ready to shave at long last.

Don't go through these waste motions and "bathroom gymnastics" every morning. The Schick Injector automatic blade change will take all the fuss and fumble out of your shaving. Here's how:

1. When it's time to change blade, just insert Injector in razor. 2. An easy pull and push on the Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart!

NEW KIT, complete with the 1941 Schick Injector Razor, cartridge of 12 Schick Blades in rich-looking black plastic case with built-in used blade receptacle.

$1.00

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR
MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

Defends Professors Rugg and Boas

PORTLAND, ORE.—May I express not only complete disagreement but profound disgust with the article by Mr. George Sokolsky on school textbooks? (March 8 Liberty.)

The author speaks a profound truth when he says that the dangers to a democracy are to a large extent from within. Near the top of a list of such dangers should be placed *just this sort of censorship*—for it is nothing less—which the article advocates. This has been an outstanding tactic of Fascist reaction wherever it has arisen—Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy have prided themselves on their public book burnings. As such it should be rejected and resisted by every thinking person in our country. It is aimed by reactionary forces at smearing the reputation of every progressive educator who has courage enough to write certain *unpleasant truths*—I emphasize, *truths*—about our social and economic order, of which these forces would prefer the students remain in ignorance.

I further wish to express my indignation, which I am certain countless others share, over the attacks in the article mentioned on Professors Harold Rugg and Franz Boas of Columbia University. Dr. Boas is one of the greatest scientists in the present-day world, whose opinions are carefully arrived at and which merit the greatest respect. Dr. Rugg is one of America's distinguished educators, a man of scholarly honesty and integrity, and of sane, progressive ideas. The attacks on these two men are nothing short of vicious.

Let Americans beware of self-appointed guardians of the educational system. Such activities bode ill for democracy.—*C. S. Brant.*

CONGRATS, MR. DEMPSEY

ST PAUL MINN CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR FINE STORY MERRILY THEY BOWL ALONG IN MARCH 22 LIBERTY. ITS THE TALK OF THE BOWLING WORLD. —ELMER H BAUMGARTEN SECRETARY AMERICAN BOWLING CONGRESS.

NO MORE SPANKINGS HERE!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—What has become of all those spanked wives that used to write to Vox Pop? Don't the hubbies paddle any more, or have they overdone it to the point where the little ladies would have to write to Vox Pop standing up?

I'm just asking.—*Bachelor.*

[Yes, they still write us—and even hubbies whose wives spank *them*—but we think we gave them their day in Vox Pop some years ago.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

ERRATA IN DODD'S DIARY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—In view of the repeated reference in Ambassador Dodd's Diary to the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, which also appears in his book:

(*a*) The organization to which Dr. William E. Dodd refers is the Vereinigung Carl Schurz of Berlin, and not the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, Inc., of Philadelphia.

(*b*) The Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, Inc., is an American organization, organized in 1930, and has not had, and does not have, any connection with the Vereinigung Carl Schurz of Berlin.

While Dr. Dodd was still Ambassador, I called his attention to this matter on two different occasions, but he never took the pains to correct his notes in regard to this matter.

Dr. Dodd's reference to a connection between the Steuben Society and the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation is also untrue. We have never financed the Steuben Society in New York. It has been an independent organization, and its work has not been linked up with the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation in any way whatsoever.—*Wilbur K. Thomas.*

POETIC ZEROS

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Oursler's report to the nation on the receipt of poetry by Liberty (March 8 Back Page) was interesting, but it neglected to show the following score:

Poetry published by Liberty, 000
Good poetry published by Liberty, 000
Poetry to be published by Liberty, 000
Percentage of increase expected, 000

Since poetry has been defined as "the language of excited imagination," why worry?—and substitute the cries of the Vox Poppers and an occasional editorial.—*Kenneth D. McQuigg.*

[Not quite right, Mr. McQuigg, not quite. Look back over Liberty for five years and you'll find excellent verses now and then.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

OHIO AIR-RAID SHELTERS

DALLAS, TEX.—As a traveling man I get a fair idea of our war preparations. My eyes often goggle. They did when in an Ohio town I saw air-raid shelters being made. Nifty, too.

The shelter is 8x12 with corrugated all-steel walls and an arched steel roof. No structure weighs more than 100 pounds, so that buyers can erect the steel houses themselves.

Are we forehanded in some things? I'll say so!—*David Low.*

OKLAHOMA INDIAN SWASTIKA

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Boy! I'd hate to be in your place when your readers start "laying it on" you for your second strike regarding the swastika in March 15 Vox Pop—*i. e.*, the description of the two symbols, one as Hitler's, the other as *India's*. But you do mean Indians', don't you?

At any rate, we Oklahoma Injuns like to lay claim to it, and we don't claim to be related to Mahatma Gandhi, either.—*M. L. Bryant.*

[The swastika has been a symbol used by many peoples all over the world during the centuries. How it got from ancient Greece to India, thence to the American Indians, makes a fascinating archaeological study.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HITLER'S THREE DOUBLES

SANTA MARIA, CALIF.—There is much in the papers of late about Hitler's expected demise. Now here is my prediction: It is known that Adolf has three doubles who often pinch-hit for him. When conditions grow too black for the Führer to face, he will have one of his doubles assassinated and interred under his name as a martyr to Nazidom. Then the real Hitler will slip away in disguise, taking refuge, probably, in Japan.—*Effie A. Lawrence.*

FIRE INSURANCE POLICIES

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Here is a slight correction to Fire Insurance "Rider" (March 8 Vox Pop).

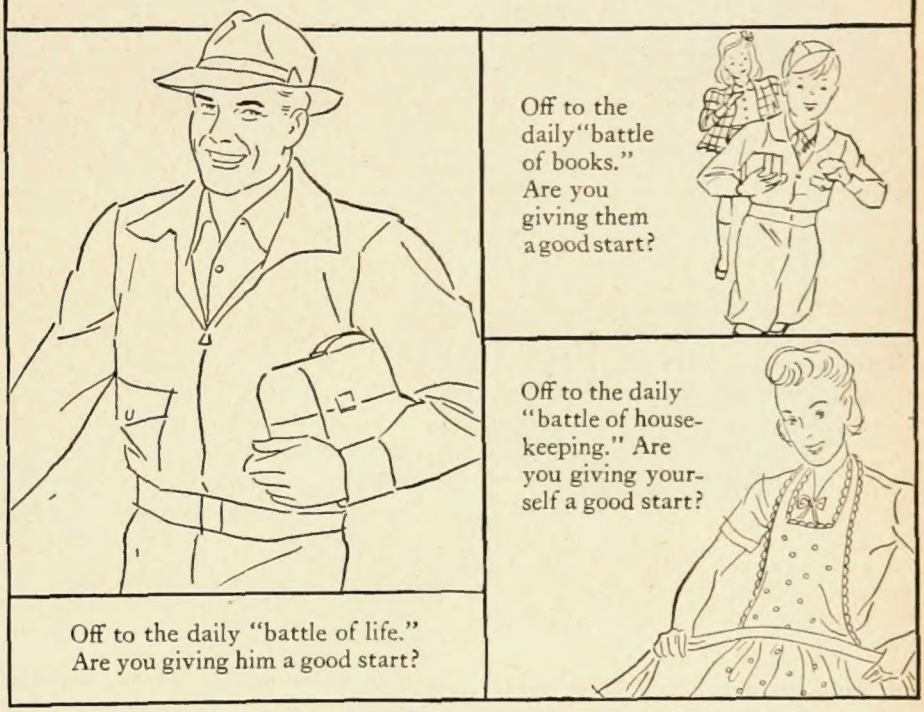
When a policyholder moves to another state, it is necessary to cancel the fire-insurance policy and purchase one in the new state at the new location. State laws vary and a policy written in New York State would not be of any value in Minnesota.—*James E. Sheehan.*

STREETS NOT HIGHWAYS

HOMOSASSA, FLA.— This discussion in Vox Pop about the "longest street" gives me a pain in the neck. The word street is used to denote the highway within the limits of a city or town, and when it reaches the corporate limits it ceases to be a street and becomes a country highway.

Now, I would like some one really to tell, through your columns, what is the longest *street*. The longest *highway* in the United States is from New York City to San Francisco.—*H. L. Ferguson.*

MEAT
and the
First Half of the Day


Off to the daily "battle of life." Are you giving him a good start?
Off to the daily "battle of books." Are you giving them a good start?
Off to the daily "battle of housekeeping." Are you giving yourself a good start?

Many "Under-Breakfasted" men have decided it doesn't pay.

Many "Under-Breakfasted" women are changing their minds.

Many "Under-Breakfasted" children are now getting more nutritional attention in the morning

—because science finds "Under-Breakfasted" is likely to make for "Under Efficient" during the A.M. hours—at work, at home or at school.

IN the recent past some considered it smart to say, "I eat practically nothing for breakfast" or "I do without breakfast entirely!"

As nutritional knowledge has progressed, the tide has turned.

In this competitive world wives and mothers are beginning to learn that you can do better work during those vital morning hours with a better breakfast build-up.

Breakfast meats such as ham, bacon, pork sausage, etc., have more reason for being on the table than just the pleasure in eating them. They contain food elements a person needs. Nutritionally they rank high, and not only for their contribution to food energy requirements. Their proteins are complete, containing all of the ten essential amino acids, those "building blocks" of the body. And ham is a rich source of those important B vitamins: thiamine (vitamin B_1), riboflavin (vitamin B_2) and the anti-pellagra vitamin.

In addition, meat outranks most other foods in satiety value, that lasting feeling of satisfaction which helps you stick to your work.

"Wake up and Eat"

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE, Chicago

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

This Seal means that all statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

The Browns Discover the "33 to 1" GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY...

MOVING'S A NIGHTMARE! I'M SO TIRED I'D TRADE EVERYTHING FOR A GLASS OF BEER!
EASY THERE, NEIGHBOR! WE WERE JUST HOPING YOU'D JOIN US IN A SANDWICH AND A GLASS OF "33 TO 1"!

THIS IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY OF YOU, JONES! BUT WHAT'S THE "33 TO 1" ABOUT?
IT'S PABST BLUE RIBBON ... 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER! YOU'VE GOT A TREAT COMING!

SAY! THIS IS THE ONLY GOOD THING THAT'S HAPPENED ALL DAY! SMOOTHEST BEER I EVER TASTED!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S BLENDED LIKE FINE COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE! I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY IT WITH US OFTEN!

THAT NIGHT
DID YOU EVER KNOW SUCH FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS? SHE ASKED ME TO MEET HER FRIENDS AT LUNCHEON!
THAT JONES IS A GRAND FELLOW. HE CERTAINLY DESERVES A BLUE RIBBON FOR HIS HOSPITALITY!

33 Fine Brews Blended to Make ONE Great Beer!

...IT'S SMOOTHER... IT'S TASTIER
...IT NEVER VARIES

Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
with a Blue Ribbon on it

When you serve Pabst Blue Ribbon, your guests enjoy something found in no other beer: a blend of 33 fine brews to make *one* single glass! Like the finest champagne, or your favorite coffee, it's *expertly blended* to make it SMOOTHER...TASTIER...ALWAYS THE SAME! Today—give your neighbor a Blue Ribbon treat. Let him discover how delicious a beer can be when it's blended "33 to 1"!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Rich Man

Liberty's True Short Short by Everett Rhodes Castle

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

GRANDFATHER was a philosopher, and like a lot of philosophers, I guess, he was a mild-mannered man who was always ready to admit that there are two sides to every question. So when people got to arguing with him, or around him, about things that they got heated up and illogical about, like politics and religion, he would tell this story that Doc Eaton told him one day up on the Hill.

It happened a long time ago, when the town wasn't all steel and concrete and automobiles; when you could still hear the whir of a lawn mower without taking a street car out to the suburbs, and still see a horse lazily switching at the flies on his flanks under almost any sycamore tree. The Forest City had a lot of trees in those days.

And it had a lot of people that didn't always see eye to eye, like a lot of other cities. And it had a rich man, like almost every other town. . . . And this rich man was a pillar in the Baptist Church; and people didn't see eye to eye about him, either.

There were those—and grandfather's eyes twinkled when he said it—that claimed the rich man was an old hypocrite, that he was ruthless in his business dealings, that he was so tightfisted he wouldn't spend a nickel to see an earthquake, that when he went to church on Sunday morning he was almost as important as God to a lot of people.

Then there was the other school of thought. It asserted that just because a man had made money under conditions as they existed was no reason to call him a lot of hard names. In fact, they asserted stoutly, the people that called him names were merely envious of his success. They maintained he went to church not because he was a sanctimonious old fraud but because he was at heart, and for all his money, a simple, deeply religious man.

It was while these two groups were hot at it that the rich man gave a party. Well, it wasn't exactly a party, grandfather would explain. It was more like a shower for the pastor of the church. One group of parishioners saw in their invitation nothing but a kindly, neighborly gesture. The other just said it showed how miserly the old buzzard was—getting other people to do what he could have done a thousand times over without feeling it a mite.

Grandfather said even then he had the sneaking feeling that the rich man wasn't so insulated and isolated by his money that he didn't know what people were saying about him, and that that was the real reason he gave the party.

But both sides of the question went to the party. A lot of them were pretty curious about the inside of a rich man's home.

They brought offerings for the pastor, as they were requested. Some people brought apples, and others brought sides of bacon and onions and other homey old-fashioned things like that. But nobody was really much interested in what the other guests brought. They were all waiting for one thing. What would the rich man bring out? Even Doc Eaton, the preacher, according to grandfather, couldn't help wondering about what was coming. You could feel the undercurrent of suspense.

And then the rich man brought out his offering.

It was a bushel of potatoes. They were nice potatoes, extra large and scrubbed white and clean. But still and all, they were only a bushel of potatoes that anybody could buy in the Old Market for a lot less than a dollar.

Well, sir, grandfather chuckled, you could practically see what people were thinking. There were the people who were saying to themselves and to everybody else, "Well, what did I tell you?" And then there were those who made it perfectly plain that they thought it was mighty tactful of their host not to make an ostentatious parade of his money before a lot of neighbors and friends.

But the host went around as if he didn't notice anything, though grandfather always insisted that he detected a little twinkle in the rich man's eyes as he shook hands with all his fellow parishioners and wished them good night.

The preacher toted his gifts into his house, and just because they had been the center of interest, so to speak, he picked one of the big white potatoes out of the basket. Then he noticed that one end of the potato had been opened. He investigated, and discovered that a silver dollar had been neatly inserted through the opening. He examined every potato in that bushel basket, and there was a silver dollar in every single one of them.

At this point grandfather usually sat back and plucked benignly at his white beard and smiled. Then he'd turn philosopher and say:

"It takes an almighty pile of gall for a man to sit up and say what is going on in another man's mind, don't it? I mean one way or another. When Doc Eaton told me that story he didn't bother to point out any moral. By the way, he don't do any preaching any more. He's been a congressman from New Jersey for years and years. But I guess the story has a moral, all right. Always sort of tickled me, like it must have tickled Doc's rich parishioner.

"The New Testament says it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God. Well, I ain't saying it isn't true. But I am saying this: It took John D. Rockefeller to put a silver dollar through the eye of a potato in order that a lot of people could have some food for thought."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

What Hitler

"We don't need it in Europe!" An ex-Nazi throws startling light on the chances for appeasement

BY DR. OTTO STRASSER

The Gestapo has listed Dr. Strasser as Hitler's most dangerous political enemy. He was the Nazi Party's head organizer in Berlin. In 1930, knowing Hitler was accepting money from men like Thyssen, he broke with him. In November, 1939, Dr. Strasser's statement concerning the Munich bomb plot caused a Nazi demand for his extradition from Switzerland. He escaped to France, and is now in Canada heading a Free German movement.

TWICE, before the Foreign Relations Committee of Congress, Colonel Lindbergh has voiced a demand for a negotiated peace. It must have struck him and the American people that this demand earned the loud approval of the Hitler press and the Goebbels radio, which could not find words strong enough to praise the "clearheadedness, courage, and wisdom" of his attitude.

It must have struck him that this same demand is being raised by the Communists in all countries who today are supporters of Stalin's treaty of friendship with Hitler. The Daily Worker, London organ of the Communist Party, in the last issue before it was suppressed also demanded a negotiated peace.

Is a negotiated peace with Hitler in any way possible? That is the question. Colonel Lindbergh says it is because, granting his good faith, he does not know Hitler; I deny it because I do know Hitler.

The best answer comes from Hitler himself. He expressed it in a conversation with me about the Versailles Treaty, a conversation that contributed materially to my break with him.

We were talking about the Versailles Treaty and we agreed that it had led to no real peace and by its very nature could lead to none. But then came a significant difference of opinion. My view was that the Versailles Treaty had been too severe, that it had been felt as a wound by the German people, and therefore any confident co-operation with the former enemies was rendered impossible. But such co-operation—this was my conclusion—must be the essence of every true peace; otherwise it is no more than an armistice.

Hitler was of an altogether different opinion: "Clemenceau was entirely right in wanting to destroy Germany! It was his bad luck that tenderhearted Americans and calculating Englishmen got in his way and prevented the destruction of Germany. Versailles was not too severe; it was too lenient. That was the tragedy of France. The peace I shall make will not be too lenient, for no one is going to get in my way when I crush the enemy."

I was horrified. "Of course in pure theory," I said, "you have a peace when you have exterminated or dispersed the enemy as the Romans did the Carthaginians. But, quite apart from the fact that we have since then become Christians, such an action was only possible because it involved no more than two to three hundred thousand people. The men were killed, the women and children were sold into slavery and scattered throughout the world. But you can't do that with forty million Frenchmen, forty million Englishmen, and twenty-five million Poles! And so, leaving out of account the compelling moral considerations, simple realism demands a peace by negotiation. That means a peace that will preserve the vital interests and honor of the enemy."

Hitler fell into a passionate rage. "For me there is no such thing as a negotiated peace; for me there is only the physical and psychological extermination of the enemy. If you leave the enemy so much as the breath of life, he will dream of revenge, and at the very first opportunity, when you are in difficulties, he will attack you. Man is a beast that cannot be trained; but today science puts at our disposal the means to destroy a people physically and psychologically, and we have the technical equipment to scatter whole peoples throughout the world and thereby disintegrate them. Negotiated peace is one of the lies of liberalism and history has proved it to be an impossibility."

I replied: "That's simply not true! In modern history we have three very striking examples of peace by negotiation. The war of the North against the South in America did not result in perpetual enmity but in close and lasting co-operation.

"In 1866 we had the example of the war between Prussia and Austria which Bismarck succeeded in concluding, after bitter struggles with the King and the General Staff, by a negotiated peace with Austria. At that time the shortsighted Prussian militarists wanted to march into Vienna; they wanted to annex Bohemia and destroy Austria through an indemnity of a billion crowns. With great foresight, Bismarck fought for a negotiated peace instead: not a square yard of territory, not one crown of war indemnity, and no triumphal march into Vienna. And it was only this negotiated peace of Nikolsburg that made possible four years later the victory in France and the foundation of the German Empire. For if Austria had stepped to the side of France, as a large faction in Vienna wished to do at that time, Prussia would have had to fight a war on two fronts and would have lost. And until her end Austria remained, thanks to the negotiated peace of 1866, Germany's most loyal ally.

"A third and last example was the conclusion of the Boer War. After a conflict carried on with tremendous losses and great bitterness, England pursued a policy of understanding with the Boers so successfully that in 1914, only twelve years later, the same General Smuts who had fought against England as a Boer general now fought as an English general. It was only this policy of negotiation that enabled England to retain her African Colonial Empire in 1914, and today she is still profiting by the fruits of this policy. Only a similar policy can bring peace to Europe."

As always happens when Hitler's phrases are destroyed by facts, he became violently angry. "We don't need peace in Europe; what we need is German domination over Europe. That is the true road to peace! There must be only one armed nation, and we are that nation. Then the other peoples can go about their business under the protection of the German sword. If you compel a people for fifty years to stick at humble tasks and remove every possibility and every memory of self-defense and the use of arms, then it acquires the habits and the way of thought of

told me about peace

Hitler fell into a rage. "For me there is no such thing as a negotiated peace! We need German domination over Europe! There must be only one armed nation."

a slave. Germans are the warrior caste of Europe; the other peoples are Europe's worker caste."

Thus Hitler himself answered the question whether a negotiated peace with him is possible. Any negotiation with Hitler or his system is out of the question!

That does not exclude the possibility that in certain circumstances Hitler may raise, or have raised, a tactical demand for "peace by negotiation." Always when he is in difficulties he adopts the tones of peace. Always when he wants to win time he proposes a peace pact. And when today Nazism and Communism in joint chorus demand a negotiated peace, that only means that for the moment Hitler is worried for fear the continuation of the war with England (behind whom America's inexhaustible sources of aid are becoming more and more effective) may threaten the fruits of his recent conquests. Naturally enough, Hitler would like time to completely digest the conquered territories—Poland, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg, and France; to organize their resources according to a unified plan; and then, with his fighting power materially increased, to take up once more the battle against England and America. That would be an ideal solution for Hitler, and it would permit his friend Stalin in the interim to carry on and make more effective his Communist propaganda in England and America.

And so today whoever urges a negotiated peace is actually playing Hitler's and Stalin's game—even if he personally has the excuse of not knowing what Hitler's intentions are.

THE END

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

(From the Manchester Guardian Weekly, Friday, June 21, 1940.)

OUR LONDON LETTER

YACHTSWOMEN IN THE DUNKIRK RESCUE

A naval man on leave with a slight wound tells me that in the Dunkirk evacuation he saw a small green yacht manned by two women in the strange and merciful regatta of little boats that was saving our men from the beach. His own work kept him busy enough, but he saw the little yacht make two trips to the beach and bring men off to a destroyer. The two women were handling her coolly and capably, and his mates on the ship, although things were pretty lively aboard, took much interest in the green yacht's job. He never heard what became of her. Things were very hot. The yacht, he said, did a good job.

BY HELEN NORSWORTHY SANGSTER

I'LL NEVER LEAVE

A gallant story that brings you close to the war . . . of two girls' shining courage under fire and the love that followed in its train

THE phone may ring any time now to tell us that bombs are falling on our part of London. Giles will take the call, calm and steady and matter-of-fact, and after that we'll be busy. But it's quiet now in our A. R. P. post. There's a bridge game going on over by the little stove that tries to warm our chilly basement; Giles is frowning over a Torquemada puzzle; and from the benches in the corner there comes the faint click of knitting needles and the murmur of talk.

Giles looks up suddenly and a grin wrinkles his thin face. He's happy; he knows that he's as useful now as he was last spring, when he was a lieutenant in the B. E. F. with two good legs instead of only one.

He's happy except when a raid warning comes and Hilda puts on her tin hat and goes up into the street. Then his lips tighten, and between calls to Headquarters his pencil drums the table in a nervous tattoo.

His glance turns toward her now. She is thinner than she was last winter, and tired; but even in the glare of an unshaded electric bulb she is beautiful. There's a kind of serenity in her face that makes you want to keep on looking at her. "She looks as if she'd gone through something so terrible that there's nothing she's afraid to face," one of the wardens said to me.

He was right. He didn't know how right, but I did, because I was there. It's quite a story, what happened that day. . . .

There won't be anything for me to do for a while even if a raid warning comes through. I'm not on street duty; I take down the information the other wardens bring in, so Giles can phone it to District Headquarters. I'm busy enough then, for often they've seen such horrible things that it's hard to get the essential information out of them quickly—where people are trapped, where fires have broken out, where there's a time bomb or a broken gas or water main. But now there's nothing to do and I can at least start to set down the story of that day. I'm not so sure I'd believe it myself later on unless it's down in black and white.

THE paper sent me over here in February, 1940, to do pieces on the way the British people were standing up to the war. Most of the correspondents were men, but my editor happened to want the personal slant a woman can get talking to men and women in an ordinary sort of way.

It seemed a good idea to join an A. R. P. unit. You got to know people that way—all kinds of people. And besides, you couldn't just sit around and let everybody else get ready for what might be coming.

Hilda was a member of my unit. We lived in the same block of flats, and our hours on duty were the same, too. There was plenty of time to get acquainted on those eight-hour shifts when nothing ever happened. Being an A. R. P. warden was something of a joke in those days. Invasion and even air raids seemed pretty remote possibilities; it was Finland we thought of then.

Hilda was big and dark and very shy. She wasn't bad-looking; her features were good, if a little heavy for a girl; but you'd never notice her particularly.

She and her brother were orphans. They had a lovely old house on the south coast of Kent, and another place in Shropshire, up near the Welsh border. There must have been plenty of money, too, for Hilda lived very comfortably and Ronnie belonged to one of those old regiments that only men with good incomes dare join.

They were twins, and ridiculously alike, except that the features that were heavy for a girl made Ronnie a very good-looking man. He was as impulsive and friendly as Hilda was shy and self-conscious, but there was between them that queer bond that sometimes links twins more closely than other brothers and sisters.

It took a while for Hilda to get really friendly with me. What broke down her reserve was my unfamiliarity with London. I was forever having to be told how to find my way around, and Hilda was the sort of person who responded naturally to another's need.

By late spring she was dropping in at my flat every day or suggesting that we have dinner together before

His hand groped for hers
"Will you stay with me?"
It was a child's plea—a
child afraid of the dark
YOU
Ruby

going on duty. Ronnie was in France, and as the news grew steadily worse Hilda was terrified for him. Not that she said much; she wasn't that kind. She just seemed to want to be with some one.

You remember how it was—Holland and Belgium and Luxemburg being invaded and the German army sweeping on as if nothing could ever stop it. It began to look as if every Channel port would go and there might be an invasion of England.

One morning Hilda came in while I was having breakfast. She had a paper in her hand. "Look," she said.

I read the paragraphs she pointed out:

As Holland and parts of Belgium and northern France are in enemy occupation, the Government has decided that the following towns on the southeast coast shall become evacuation areas: Great Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Felixstowe, Harwich, Clacton, Frinton and Walton, Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Sandwich, Dover, Deal, and Folkestone.

Arrangements are being made for children whose parents wish them to go to be sent from these areas to safer districts in the Midlands and Wales.

I THINK I'd better go down to Claystow," Hilda said. "The village people won't want to let their children go, but I might be able to persuade them. Besides, if things get really bad I may have to close the house."

She looked a little shamefaced. "Later on I'll probably feel silly for having got the wind up, but it's not far across the Channel at Claystow. Would you like to come down with me if we can get a few days' leave?"

We went down to Folkestone by train and took a bus to Claystow. The country was so beautiful and so peaceful that war didn't seem possible. I had to keep telling myself that the wind-ruffled water beyond the little harbor was the English Channel, that across its narrow width people were dying and towns were being laid waste.

The old house was one of those places that age beautifully. Hilda shrank from the very thought of anything happening to it. "It's been in the family for more than two hundred years," she told me. "Ronnie's just as keen about it as I am. I don't think I could bear to tell him if a bomb wrecked it."

They had a little sixteen-footer down in the harbor, a pretty thing glistening with green paint. Hilda and I took her out a few times. She could make the little boat do anything.

There was a big map at the house and we followed the fighting as well as we could. The German invasion was like a great remorseless scythe, dividing the defending forces and cutting off the B. E. F. from its supplies of food and ammunition.

"They'll be trapped," Hilda said. "I don't see how they can possibly get out." We scarcely mentioned Ronnie, but he was always in our thoughts.

Remember how the news got worse and worse toward the end of May? Leopold surrendered the Belgian army and left the road to Dunkirk unprotected. Boulogne fell after a grim defense. At Calais the British were fighting desperately in the streets.

The day it seemed certain that Dunkirk would be cut off, Hilda couldn't keep still. "Ronnie's there," she said in a strained voice. "He'll be in the rearguard, the lot that's trying to keep the port open so the rest of the army can get away. They always put old seasoned regiments in bad spots like that."

She went to the window and looked down at the Channel, lying there gray and strangely calm. "Ronnie's not coming out of this," she said. "I've been sure of it all day." She turned to see if I believed her. "Don't think I'm queer," she went on. "Ronnie and I always know if things aren't right. Twins are like that sometimes. I don't mean we get messages from each other or any rot like that; we just know."

That was the day the small boats disappeared from the harbor.

Hilda went down to see what was happening. After a while she came back. "They've gone to Dunkirk to take the men off the beaches," she said. "The Admiralty's sent out a call for small boats, because it's too shallow for big ships to get close."

She bit her lip. "I asked them to take me along," she said. "Old Jonathan Taylor's still there, but he won't take me because I'm a girl." Angry tears stood in her eyes. "He taught Ronnie and me to sail, and he knows I'm as useful as a man on a boat. It's not fair, having to sit here and do nothing!"

WE sat down to dinner that night more through fear of hurting Mrs. Dowson, the housekeeper, than from any appetite. We were too jumpy to eat, keyed up the way you are before a thunderstorm.

After dinner we went down to the harbor. The little Seamew bunted softly and urgently against the dock, like a dog begging to be taken for a walk. Hilda looked down at her. "She doesn't like being left behind any more than we do," she said sadly.

We sat at the end of the dock for a long time. Stars pricked out in the sky and the moon came up, serene and lovely. The thump of guns came faintly from the south.

"If I could only do something!" Hilda said. "I know it's silly to think I'd ever find Ronnie if I got to Dunkirk, but if I could just help take off some of the men I'd feel better."

We sat there until we were both shivering with cold.

"We'd better go in," I said at last.

We went inside and turned on the wireless. At Calais the British commander had been given an hour to surrender, but he was fighting on with the few men he had left. And Dunkirk was still, incredibly, an open port.

There was another appeal from the Admiralty after the newscast. They wanted more boats, thirty-foot boats and over, to go to Dunkirk.

Hilda snapped off the switch. "After all, the Seamew's just a little sixteen-footer and we're just two useless girls," she said bitterly. "Let's go to bed."

IT couldn't have been more than a couple of hours later that I woke up. Hilda stood by the bed.

"What is it?" I sat up and switched on the light. She was dressed; she had on a dark blue jersey and slacks.

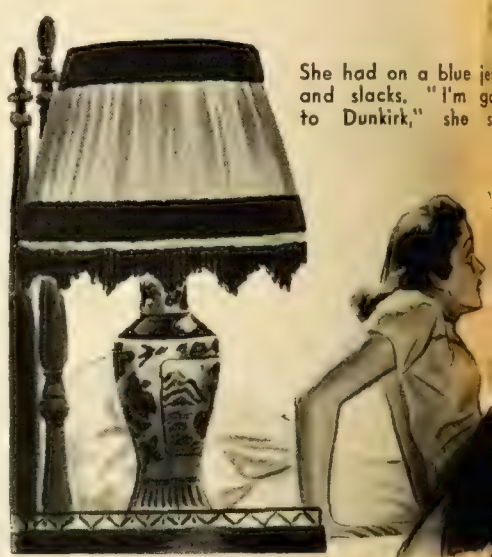
"I'm going to Dunkirk," she said. "Will you come along?"

"Dunkirk?" I said stupidly. I wasn't more than half awake.

"In the Seamew," she said. "It's less than sixty miles, and there's the little auxiliary engine if we need it."

I stared at her. She might have been talking about some pleasure jaunt along the coast.

"We could take off five at a trip,"



She had on a blue je and slacks. "I'm g to Dunkirk," she s

she said. "I don't like asking you to go, Eileen, but I'm afraid I couldn't manage by myself. I could take the Seamew across easily enough if the Channel stays like this, but some of the men will have to be helped over the side."

I was wide awake now. "Why on earth wouldn't you want to ask me?" I said crossly. "Go hunt me up an extra sweater while I get dressed."

Mrs. Dowson heard us in the kitchen. She came down in wrapper and curlers to get our breakfast. "Eat plenty," she said. "Goodness knows when you'll get your next meal."

She didn't try to stop us. She helped us put food and water and brandy and cigarettes into a basket, and when we were ready she handed Hilda a battered tin lunch box. "It's Master Ronnie's," she said. "I always fix it for him when he's out all day. You might run across him over there—"

She couldn't say any more. We took the box along and stowed it away in the Seamew.

The sky was beginning to show pink when we set sail. Outside the harbor the breeze freshened and blew the haze off the water and the sun came up in a clear sky. Soon there were boats all around us, from Folkestone and Dover and other south-coast ports. The bigger ones drew away, but the rest of us kept together. Some were so small or so decrepit they should never have ventured out on the treacherous Channel, but they were heading for Dunkirk with the rest. The skippers were mainly old men, proud to be needed again. We were all proud. We waved to each other happily. Weren't we on our way to do something the big ships couldn't do? I knew then that I wouldn't have missed coming for anything in the world.

I still knew it much later, when the black pall of smoke that had been a smudge in the sky to the southeast was overhead and the shells were bursting all around us. A Nazi plane dived out of the smoke, guns roaring. The white froth its bullets whipped up on the water got closer and closer. The men in two fishing dories ahead of us went down like ninepins. The plane was overhead, and suddenly there were ugly splinters in the Seamew's deck and holes in her canvas.

That was the only time I was badly frightened. After that we were too busy. I remember looking at Hilda to see how she was taking it. There was a queer triumphant smile on her face. I knew she was thinking, Ronnie's going through something like this. I'm glad I can go through it, too.

An R. A. F. plane chased off the Nazi, and we cheered wildly. We cheered even harder when the Messerschmitt wobbled, tried vainly to gain altitude, and plummeted into the sea.

We were past Dunkirk now, in front of the line of beaches between Dunkirk and La Panne. Destroyers and other large craft were standing to half a mile or so from shore. This was where we could help, ferrying men out across the shallows.

There must have been hundreds of little boats up and down that terrible stretch of coast—lifeboats and smart little cruisers and fishing dories, rowboats with outboard motors and barges and one or two yachts. The men waded out hundreds of yards to meet us, so tired they could scarcely walk.

They couldn't get over the fact that we were girls. "Blimy," one of them said, eyes starting. "Girls, in this ruddy muck! Maybe I'm seeing hangels!"

We took them out to the nearest destroyer, five at a time, and went back for more. Shells plopped around us from a battery back of the beaches. Stukas dive-bombed the destroyers and then turned on the smaller boats. Messerschmitts wove back and forth over the shallows, machine guns stuttering, and small valiant R. A. F. fighters screamed down recklessly to drive them off.

There was no time for fear; there wasn't even time to be sick when your stomach rose up in your throat at the sight of dreadful wounds. We clenched our teeth hard and blinked back the tears, and told ourselves not to be soft—to get on with it.

It isn't possible to make a connected story out of that day. We just went back and forth, ferrying the men out to the bigger boats. But certain pictures stand out.

There was the boy who begged for water he couldn't have because he'd been shot in the stomach. He died as we got him to a destroyer. I never thought I'd be glad to see a man die.

There was the middle-aged man who stumbled and went under, and got up and staggered out to us. He scowled furiously. "Ain't it a crime, leaving banawna peels laying abaht like that?" he said.

And there was the youngster in the lifeboat that overhauled us on a trip out. "Hi, Blondie!" he called. "Busy tonight?"

"Meet you in Dover!" I called back. The next time I looked up, he wasn't there. A shell had struck the lifeboat where he was sitting.

THE men on the beaches waited in long patient lines. We could hear them singing sometimes, between the noises of the guns and planes. Singing, while Stukas dive-bombed them and Messerschmitts raked them with bullets and shells were bursting on every side.

The ones we took on board fell on the food and cigarettes. We cursed that we hadn't brought more, and more medical supplies. Our small first-aid kit barely lasted one trip.

Once an officer on a destroyer tried to send us away. "My God!" he shouted. "Don't you girls know enough to stay out of this mess? Get on home where you belong!"

Hilda stood there, feet apart, tired and wet and dirty, eyes blazing.

"Mind your own business!" she snapped.

The men on deck cheered. Even the officer grinned and saluted. "Carry on!" he said.

I lost all sense of time, but at last the long lines of men on the beach dwindled to nothing. It was getting dark. The destroyers were leaving, loaded down, and most of the little boats had gone. An old Thames pleasure boat came wheezing by.

"Can you take a few more?" Hilda called.

It didn't look as if she could, but the captain nodded. "Bring 'em along!" he said. He was a fat old man with white hair. He should have been home with his pipe and slippers, but here he was, in his glory.

WE brought out six more. In the gathering darkness I couldn't see any others, except a few getting into a launch.

"Give you a tow?" the captain said.

Hilda looked back over her shoulder. It must have been a last desperate hope of seeing Ronnie that made her decide to go back. There wasn't any sense to it. From the first, there hadn't been a chance in a million that we'd run across him.

"We'll make one more trip," she said. "There might be some one left. We can get home by ourselves."

Off to the right the fires of burning Dunkirk reddened the sky. Shells were screaming and bursting there, and planes twisted and dived through the smoke. But our stretch of beach was lonely and deserted. There were no planes overhead now, and only an occasional shell burst near by. For the first time I realized that I was dead tired, that we hadn't eaten all day, and my arm was stiff and sore where a bit of shrapnel had nicked it. I didn't want to go back, but there was something about Hilda that kept me from protesting.

This time we sailed very close in. Hilda was right: some one had been left behind. He came floundering across the sand.

"Ahoy, Seamew!" he shouted.

Hilda made a queer little noise in her throat. "It's Ronnie!" she whispered.

I know it sounds fantastic and unbelievable. But so does the whole miraculous evacuation of Dunkirk, if it comes to that. Anyway, it really was Ronnie. He splashed out to us, tired and unshaven and dirty, his gay grin still in place. "Lucky thing you always wanted to tag along when I went off with the boys, Hilda," he said.

Hilda's face was like a youngster's on Christmas morning. But all she said was, "It wouldn't be the first time you were glad to have me turn up. Any others want a lift?"

Ronnie sobered. "Yes," he said. "Some of our chaps, and another lieutenant—a pal of mine. He's in a bad way. We'll have to get him to a doctor. We'd better make for Dover."

They brought out the wounded

THE AUTHOR

Helen Norsworthy Sangster was born in Ontario, went to the University of Toronto, then worked at various jobs until she took up free-lance writing three years ago. Her articles and fiction have appeared in both Canadian and American magazines. Two of her stories were starred in the O'Brien list of best short stories.

man. You could tell that his right leg was a bloody pulp inside his soaked battle dress.

Ronnie held the Seamew's bow while the men got him aboard. "Get along with you," he said cheerfully.

"Get in, Ronnie." Hilda's voice was sharp.

Ronnie shook his head. "No room. Somebody else will be along."

There wasn't room. We all knew it. "Let me stay, sir," one of the men said. The others echoed him.

"Stay where you are." Ronnie was an officer now, giving an order that must be obeyed. He looked ruefully at the little boat's scarred side. "Poor old Seamew." His voice softened. "We'll have to give her a proper going-over once this show is finished." He grinned up at Hilda. "You wouldn't have a spot of food handy, would you?"

Hilda bent and rummaged, handed him the tin box. "Mrs. D. thought you'd be hungry," she said.

"Good old Dowson!" Ronnie laughed. "Cut along now, so I can attend to this, will you?"

A little man scrambled over the side. It was Adams, Ronnie's batman, Hilda told me later. He worshiped Ronnie.

"If you don't mind, I'll stay wiv you, sir," he said. "Them small boats makes me ruddy seasick."

"Good man," Ronnie said. "Dowson always packs enough lunch for a regiment." He looked up at Hilda again. "Take care of Giles. He's one of the best."

Hilda nodded. She didn't seem able to make a start. I remembered her premonition, and shivered. "Ronnie's not coming out of this," she had said. She sat staring at Ronnie as if she'd never see him again.

Ronnie understood. I think he felt that way himself. "Better be on your way, old girl," he said gently. "Thumbs up!"

Hilda swallowed hard; she even managed a smile for him. "Thumbs up, Ronnie," she said.

We could still see the two dim shapes on the beach when it happened. A stray shell screamed down out of the dark and burst as it struck the sand. When the smoke had cleared the two figures were gone.

NOBODY spoke. There was nothing we could say. Nothing we could do. We couldn't even give Hilda decent privacy for her grief. We could only look away from her as she sat with her hand on the tiller, her face set and white. We could only keep on, to try and save the unconscious man at our feet.

It was he who broke the unbearable tension. He moaned and stirred restlessly.

"Take the tiller, will you, Eileen?" Hilda said.

She went down on her knees in the filthy water on the Seamew's planking. She got the wounded man on the few cushions that hadn't gone overboard and spread her coat over him. "Any brandy left?" she asked.

There was a little, a very little. Hilda gave the wounded man some and handed the bottle to the others.

"You'd best keep it for him, miss," one of them said.

Another nodded. "'E was bound we'd leave 'im," he said huskily. "As if we would, after 'im savin' us!"

They told us that Giles had stood off a tank with a machine gun to let them get away. He'd gone down. They crept back and carried him to the beach as soon as they could.

Hilda and I took turns at the tiller. The moon came up and there was a fine steady breeze. The noise and glare of Dunkirk grew fainter behind us. The soldiers slept, exhausted, but the wounded man was restless and sometimes he babbled meaningless words. Once, when he had been quiet for a while, I saw that he was conscious and staring at Hilda.

I stared, too. In the moonlight she looked like a different person. The long hours of strain and hunger and weariness and the final overwhelming blow of Ronnie's death had fined down her too heavy features to a gaunt loveliness.

The wounded man gave a broken little sigh. "You're Hilda—Ronnie's sister—aren't you?"

Hilda motioned for me to take the tiller, and crawled around the sleeping men to where he lay. Carefully she raised his head and tilted the brandy bottle to his lips.

"Yes, I'm Hilda," she said. "Can you drink a little of this?"

He was very weak, but he struggled to stay conscious. "Ronnie?" he said. "I don't remember much, but didn't he stay behind?"

"Yes," Hilda said.

"He was all right?" The voice was anxious.

"Yes," Hilda said steadily. "Ronnie was—all right. Couldn't you sleep for a while?"

He seemed satisfied. His hand groped for hers. "Will you stay with me?" he said. It was a child's plea—a child afraid of the dark.

Hilda took his hand. "I'll stay."

The hours went by. The breeze held and we moved swiftly over the water.

Hilda came back. "I'll take it for a while," she whispered. "I wish we could get him aboard something faster. I'm afraid we're not going to be in time . . ."

After a while the wounded man stirred. "Hilda!" he cried weakly.

Hilda went to him. Relief succeeded terror on his drawn face. "Sorry to be such a bother," he whispered apologetically.

He swung between unconsciousness and delirium after that, but through it all he clung to Hilda. So she sat there, hour after hour, cramped and dead tired and raw with grief. But for him, Ronnie would have been safe; but her grieving held no resentment. She was responding to some one else's need, just as she always did; but already there was something more in her feeling for him, something deeper than pity for his pain and weakness. "I'm here, Giles," she said whenever he cried out to her in his delirium. Her voice was softer than I'd ever heard it.

It was gray morning when we got to Dover. A motor launch came out and towed us in. Men were ready with a stretcher to hurry Giles off to the hospital. He was too weak to speak, but his lips moved. "Hilda," he was trying to say.

Hilda was beside him. "I'm here, Giles," she said. "I won't leave you."

GILES very nearly died. He'd lost a lot of blood, and they had to take his leg off above the knee. But he pulled through, and as soon as he could sit up in bed he and Hilda were married.

There isn't much more to tell. Hilda closed the house at Claystow and took Giles up to Shropshire wher he was strong enough. They're in London now, but Mrs. Dowson keeps the house open for Claystow évacués.

THERE goes the phone. Giles reaches for it and we all watch tensely. It's the "Stand by" signal. The wardens on street duty shrug into their coats and reach for helmets and gas masks.

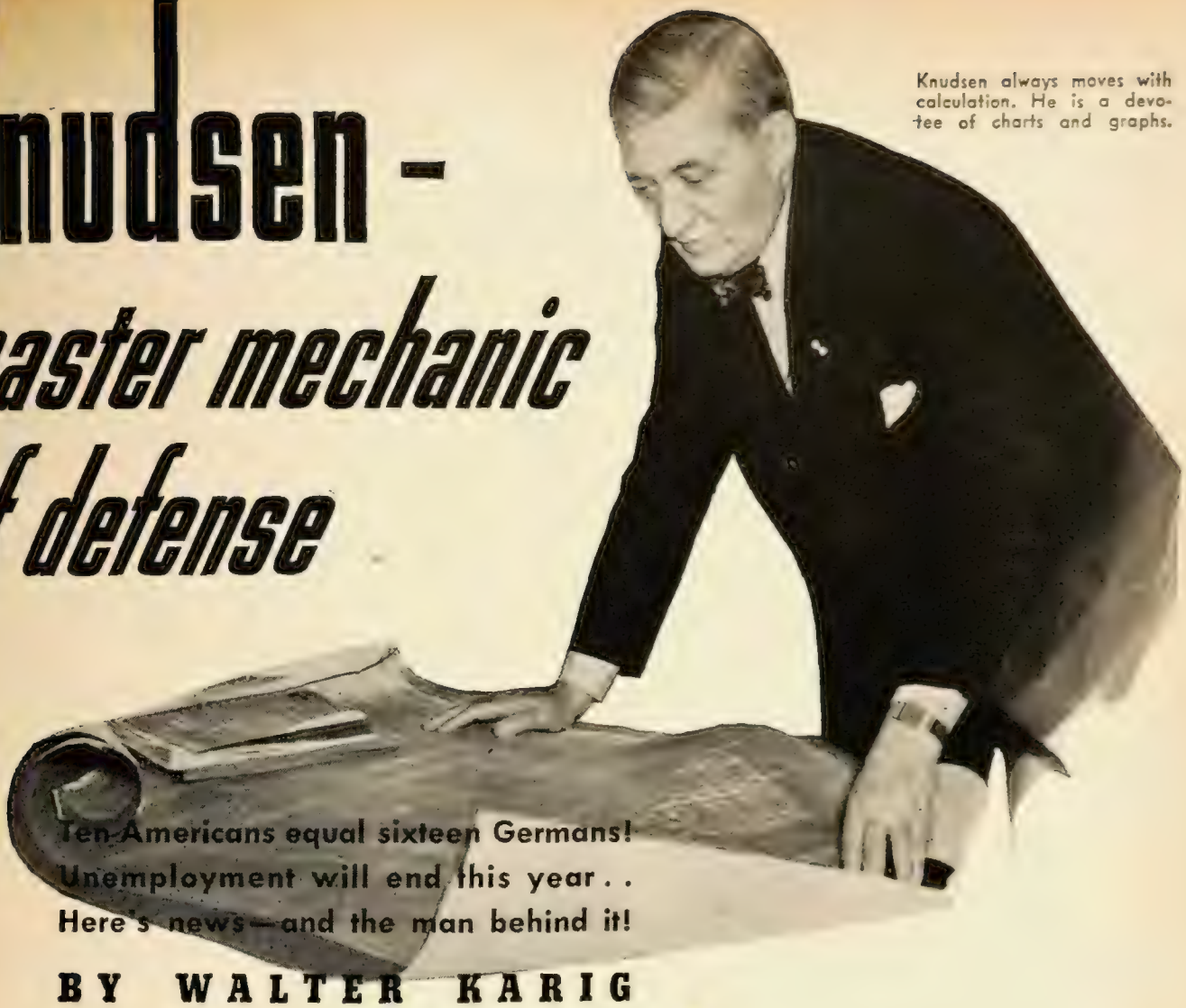
The bell shrills again. This time it's the signal for action, and the wardens clap on their tin hats and start up the steps, joking.

I know Giles wants to reach out and hold Hilda back as she passes his table—hold her back from dangers he can't share. But he only grins. "Thumbs up!" he says.

Hilda catches her breath, but in a second she's smiling down at him. "Thumbs up," she tells him. "I'll bring you back an incendiary for a souvenir!"

THE END

Knudsen — *master mechanic of defense*



Knudsen always moves with calculation. He is a devotee of charts and graphs.

Ten Americans equal sixteen Germans! Unemployment will end this year . . Here's news—and the man behind it!

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

NO one was any more nonplused by President Roosevelt's creation of a dual chairmanship for the national defense authority than William S. Knudsen, who was given the boss title of Director General of the Office of Production Management. So one hears in Washington. And it is fair to assume that Sidney Hillman, Associate Director General, was not sure of the practical application of Mr. Roosevelt's explanation that Knudsen and Hillman were to run the national defense program in partnership. The popular clamor had been for a *chairman* of the Defense Commission.

Some practical politicians went to Knudsen. "Bill," they advised, "the only way to get authority in this town is to grab it."

"If I have to grab it, I don't want it," Knudsen is quoted as replying. "Anyhow, the President is my boss."

That pretty well sums up Knudsen in sixteen words. He has won power; never grabbed it. And his respect for superior authority is ingrained, his regard for the head of the state almost reverential. Today he has—"in association with" Mr. Hillman—power as autocratic as any prewar monarch. True, his authority is limited to what the law allows, but there is little the law does not permit in a declared state of national emergency. Right now the OPM can seize a factory, kick out its management, and operate it for whatever the OPM considers to be the national welfare. The government is required by law to pay a fair compensation for occupying the seized premises; that's all. And if a manufacturing company does not co-operate with the national defense program, OPM can shut off its supply of raw materials.

Those who know Knudsen say he will never crack down; he won't have to. Instead, he'll have the tough guy marching in step before he knows it.

This big, burly soft-spoken Dane was not in Washington a month as a member of the seven-member National Defense Advisory Commission before he was the topic of no end of talk at cocktail parties. Presently there were two popular conceptions of him, both of them astigmatic. One was that of the production genius, the marvel of the automotive industry; the other was that of the whimsical, wisecracking, slightly naïve old codger with a quaint Scandinavian accent who asked for beer at cocktail parties.

Both conceptions are caricatures of the man. Certainly he is a production genius, with genius' "infinite capacity for taking pains." And certainly he has a quaint turn of phrase, flavored with Danish inflection. To an associate new to Washington who was alarmed by the self-assertive bureaucracy, he counseled, "Don't be scared, ever, of barking rabbits!"

But Knudsen is sometimes impetuous, sometimes ruthless—and yet he always moves with calculation. And don't think that it does not serve his purposes to be regarded as the shrewdly witty peasant. While he has his audience laughing at his patter, he is planting the white rabbits he will presently take out of sleeves. For instance:

Government business is done on a basis of reports, especially in military lines. Is something to be done, especially something that has not been done before? The situation is explored and a report is prepared by experts, on which the executives act. To Knudsen, that was a lot of red tape and lost motion. He told a flock of army officers intimately concerned that "there are two kinds of reports. One says you can't do a thing, and the other says you can. The first kind is no good and the second kind

you don't need." And while the audience was smiling the magician said, "Hey, presto!" and made the red-tape-bound paper work disappear.

Knudsen was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, sixty-two years ago. He went through the entire Danish public educational system, including government technical school. He came to the United States in 1899 with thirty dollars and got a job as riveter in a New York shipyard. Then he worked as a boilermaker in a railroad shop. His third job was as bench hand in a Buffalo factory; he worked his way up to factory manager. When the Ford Motor Company absorbed the factory, Knudsen became boss of the corporation's World War boatbuilding activities and then its general production manager. In 1922 he went to General Motors to take charge of the Chevrolet division and stepped up output from 76,000 to 480,000 cars per annum in two years.

He is six feet three, weighs 235 pounds; breakfasts and lunches frugally; reaches his office at eight-fifteen and works until seven, when he has a hearty dinner and then usually goes back to work again. His favorite bedtime is 10.30 P. M. At least, that has been his Washington regimen. As president of General Motors, when his annual income was in six fat figures, he did not work so hard. Now he is working for nothing—not even a dollar a year.

ESSENTIALLY he is a master mathematician. He is a devotee of charts and graphs. One of the first projects he ordered in Washington as a member of the old Defense Advisory Commission was a graph of airplane production based on known plant capacity, raw materials on hand, and availability of skilled labor. Today, more than seven months after, that production is within 5 per cent of his estimate. What annoys him is that it is 5 per cent *under*, and he has set himself the task of getting it *above* before summer.

That is the method he is applying to all phases of defense production. His respect for labor, for the human element in industry, is unsentimental. He is an exacting boss, but he is a kindly one because it is good business to be that way. "If you scare a man he will lie to you," he says.

He does not believe in the forty-hour week, but he fought efforts to have the forty-hour law suspended for the emergency. If labor is dead set on a forty-hour week, he figures, it will produce less if it is forced to accept a forty-eight-hour week. Besides, he believes that so long as there is an "army of the unemployed," it is good national economy to spread the work by limiting the hours.

He has a graph of employment, too. Last June it showed 3,694,000 persons employed in the durable-goods industries. Knudsen computed the projected defense program in terms of man-hours of work. Industry, he calculated, would absorb 100,000 new employees a month. In seven months, 756,000 men were added to the payrolls of heavy industry. Here is news! At the rate of acceleration at which men are going back to work it is estimated that unemployment will be practically wiped out by the end of this year and there will be shortages in specific skilled trades before 1942.

Thus far, Knudsen's charts have had a really uncanny accuracy. He has faith in his mathematical formulae and predictions because they made him the top man in America's biggest peacetime industry. Production is his fetish. "So far," he said in February, "we are only doing paper work." At one conference of Washington bigwigs there was much use of that phrase dear to statesmen, "the status quo"—the state of things as they are.

"Gentlemen," Knudsen snorted, "you know what it means? It's just fancy Latin *for the damn fix we are in!*"

He is impatient with "experts" and dislikes being called one. "An expert is just a mechanic away from his job," he says, with that winning three-cornered smile of his. His gift for phrasemaking and the barbless wisecrack helps him. "Are you ready to stop butterflying around?" he chuckled to a dollar-a-year colleague, recruited from the field of finance to the Defense Commission but working harder at Washington's luring social life. The gentleman went to work in earnest, and tells the story on himself now. A bunch of industrialists were trying to impress Knudsen with the huge job they were called upon to do, stacking up alibis in advance. "We got to get 'em rolling," Knudsen said, dismissing them on the spot.

ALIBI-ING is un-American, in his opinion. The one thing about democracy he does not like is the political shirt-stuffing. To him, the man who boasts that he was born in a log cabin or a slum and worked his way up to Congress without schooling is a self-aggrandizing faker. Let other persons say it; but as for boasting of being a self-made man, why, *America* made the man; he didn't do it himself. If a man becomes successful in the United States he need not brag about it. He should have tried it in Denmark or Germany or Italy or England!

"Look," he says. "When I came to this country I stood at the head of the ship's gangplank looking at this wonderful United States. And an immigration man shouted to me, 'Get a move on!' So I did, and I've kept on moving ever since. This country of ours got a move on away back in the beginning. We stumbled sometimes, sure, but we stumble forward. You can't stumble sitting down, but you can't get anywhere either."

Now he is a little afraid that some Americans prefer sitting down to stumbling. He has heard persons of importance talk jitteringly of the crash that is bound to come when the emergency is over and the millions of workers are suddenly called off the manufacture of war goods. Dislocation there will be, Knudsen admits; a temporary slump, which can be almost immediately overcome by holding work in reserve against that time. But by intelligently integrating the defense program with a normal non-depression economy, the slump itself need not be serious, he holds. He wants the public guarded against a war-inflated boom. It can be done, his charts and graphs tell him.

That is why he is opposed to the use of the OPM's priority powers to divert more raw materials than are absolutely needed to defense industries. He wants production of consumer goods to keep pace with the production of defense goods. Any contraction of consumer goods means that the wage earners will compete with each other to acquire new cars, new homes, new bathtubs, new overcoats, thus forcing prices upward and in effect robbing the dollar of its purchasing value. The defense program's billions of dollars must be directed into the nation's real buying structure based on the potentially high standard of normal American living. If that can be accomplished, Knudsen maintains, there need be no collapse when the world market for bombers and bombs shuts down.

THIS cannot be accomplished by laws alone. It requires co-operation from all Americans. It requires real patriotism. He thinks Americans have what it will take.

"See here," he says. "America can do anything. Do you know that one American is worth 1.6 Germans? I mean it. I can prove it. You must not think I mean ten Americans can lick sixteen Germans. We should not think in such terms. I think in terms of *production*. General Motors had big factories in Germany. Before the war everybody used to admire German efficiency, German workmanship. I know Americans are better and turn out a better product, because we kept accurate records. Why? They have better food, of course, better houses, much better social conditions, but underneath it all America has got something Germany never had, and no other country ever had. I don't know what you call it—democracy, opportunity? What difference does it make? Results count."

Knudsen believes that every boy and girl should be taught to work with their hands. "Everything starts with the hands," he says. "Sure, some things are 'machine made,' but hands had to build that machine—yes?"

America must not lose the gift of Yankee ingenuity that made it great, Knudsen muses, and then he says with emphasis that it is that old-fashioned ingenuity that will make the defense program go over the top and exceed the prophecies in his charts.

THE END

Here's how

TO MAKE A GRAND SLAM

by Ely Culbertson

CAN YOU PLAY THIS HAND FOR A GRAND SLAM?

HOW GOOD IS YOUR GAME OF BRIDGE? Are you an expert, novice or "in-betweener"? Here's your chance to rate yourself—and to make a grand slam.

To Mr. Culbertson, that deal he's pointing to (above) recalls some highly exciting moments of tournament play.

He was sitting in the South position. With the highly enthusiastic assistance of his partner, Mr. Culbertson reached a grand slam in diamonds...after East had opened the bidding with one club.

West led the club nine and Mr. Culbertson fulfilled the grand slam contract—against East's best efforts.

Could you have played this hand for Mr. Culbertson? Try it. Good fun to have your fellow-players try it at your next bridge session, too.

SOLUTION: *After taking the first trick with the club ace, Mr. Culbertson led the heart three to the ace. Then Mr. Culbertson ran off every trump.*

This reduced Dummy to the A-J-9 of spades. East, having to discard, was forced to let go one of these four cards: K-Q spades, heart king, club king.

Whichever he chose would be his finish. If he let go a spade, Dummy's three spades would be high.

If he let go the heart or club king, Mr. Culbertson would cash the high card of the suit thus abandoned by East, and this would force East into discarding another suit-stopper. Result: grand slam!

Bridge Hints by Ely Culbertson

Don't emphasize a bid, pass, double or play. You don't want to be unethical.
Don't touch your cards during the deal.
Never criticize your partner's playing.
Be a good loser—a modest winner.

Seagram's 5 Crown

BIGGEST-SELLING BRAND of the *Greatest Name in Whiskey!*

AND *Here's how*

TO MAKE YOUR BID FOR AN "ACE" WHISKEY

1. Ask for Seagram's 5 Crown at your favorite bar or package store. Be sure to enjoy it today.
2. It's trumps in *any* drink! So deliciously light in body—yet richly satisfying, too.
3. This is the whiskey of rare smoothness—master blending makes it superbly mellow.
4. It carries the Greatest Name in Whiskey, yet it's popular-priced—*by the drink* or *by the bottle.*
5. 150 million bottles (all sizes) have been sold since 1934. Your taste will quickly tell you why!

Thank you, Ely Culbertson. And when the interest turns from high cards to highballs—you'll see Seagram's 5 Crown on deck! It blends more thoroughly in *every* drink—gives a more even flavor—a *smoother, better* taste.

Here's how...

SAY SEAGRAM'S...AND BE SURE

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 90 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Copyright 1941. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

I start all over again

READNG TIME • 2 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

The first MacDougall restaurant in Grand Central Station.

Alice Foote MacDougall.

A FOUR-STAR BROADCAST BY ALICE FOOTE MACDOUGALL

A message Liberty thought worthy of the permanency of print

First heard on We the People program over CBS

THE first forty years of my life, I was probably one of the most useless creatures that ever lived. I was just a society girl, with plenty of money, a husband to look after me, and no responsibilities at all. I'd never done a day's work in my life. But then suddenly my husband became very ill and the doctor said he couldn't possibly continue working. At first I was panicky. Then, with a shock, I realized it was up to me.

My husband was in the coffee business. It was a man's business and I was a woman. But I went down to my husband's office and took over. Many a night I got home sure that I'd ruined everything. But I kept at it, and after a while, as I got more confidence, things went pretty well.

A few years later, to advertise my coffee, I opened a little restaurant in Grand Central Station, here in New York. If any one had ever told me I'd stand behind a counter cooking and serving food to a lot of people I'd never seen, I'd have laughed at the very idea. But that's just what I had to do.

At first I hated it. Then, as I saw familiar faces coming back again and again, I began to enjoy the work. I thought if my customers liked my coffee they'd buy it by the pound. But what they really did was put me into the restaurant business

My place at Grand Central was so popular that six months later I opened a second restaurant. In five years I had six large restaurants that were crowded from morning till night. I was taking in two million dollars a year through the restaurants—and making another half million on the side, selling coffee and china. I lived on Park Avenue. I had everything I could possibly want.

One day, in 1930, I thought, Things are going well. I'm sixty-three. I've worked long enough. Why not call it a day? So I gave up control of my business and settled back to what I thought was going to be a life of ease.

Well, it was fine while it lasted. But everything went wrong. The crowds stopped eating at Alice Foote MacDougall's. Debt piled up. And then one day the MacDougall restaurants failed. I tried to save them—but it was too late. My savings vanished. The beautiful furnishings in my apartment were sold one by one. A few months ago I had to move to a much smaller place, and just last week the last of my furniture was sold.

I'm seventy-three years old now. But I'm not through. I'm going to open a place like the one I had at Grand Central so many years ago. I'm going to start over and build as I did once before. Only, this time I'm going to be careful.

We've all been told that life begins at forty. Well, I'm going to prove that it *can* begin at seventy-three!

THE END

"Pocketbook trouble, Sahib?"

JIM: Great day in the morning! A camel! What in the name of Cleopatra are you doing in a liquor store?

CAMEL: I work here, little brother. I remind people.

JIM: You remind them of what?

CAMEL: Of the quality most to be desired in a fine whiskey, sahib. The quality of *dryness.*

JIM: Dryness? What's so important about dryness?

CAMEL: Good question, friend. Dryness, as you surely know, means lack of sweetness, and this lack of sweetness means that the true, full-bodied flavor of great whiskey reaches you unimpaired. Have you not heard, effendi, that true whiskey experts *insist* on dryness?

JIM: Certainly, my animated express wagon. But whiskey experts usually are well-heeled, and can afford the best. I am no millionaire.

CAMEL: Few *are,* these days, little brother! But you, too, can afford a rare jewel among whiskies—a whiskey of magnificent flavor and a wonderful dryness: Paul Jones whiskey. Its flavor is so superb and its price so moderate that wise men have come to know it as a *great buy.* Which is why its popularity has increased five times in less than two years.

JIM: Say, camel, you're a real pal. Wait a minute till I buy a bottle of Paul Jones and I'll ride you home.

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN PAUL JONES ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as the famous lovers in That Hamilton Woman!

The Lass who loved a Sailor

Scarlett O'Hara Leigh brings a history-disturbing blacksmith's daughter glowingly to the screen

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!

THE PLAYERS: Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Alan Mowbray, Sara Allgood, Gladys Cooper, Henry Wilcoxon, Heather Angel, Halliwell Hobbes, Gilbert Emery, Miles Mander, Ronald Sinclair, Luis Alberni, Norma Drury, Olaf Hytten, Juliette Compton, Guy Kingsford. Screen play by Walter Reisch and R. C. Sherriff. Directed by Alexander Korda. Produced by Alexander Korda-United Artists. Running time, 130 minutes.

ALEXANDER KORDA tries to point up a parallel with England's battles at the turn of the eighteenth century and 1941's struggle of democracy against dictatorship. Aided by Vivien Leigh's performance of Lady Hamilton, he achieves something of a striking historic tapestry; too long, I regret to report, and not a little dull in spots. Still, Miss Leigh seemingly steps from a Romney painting to give an arresting and poignant study of the beauty who played hob with history and won the heart of England's most famous naval hero.

The Hays office has been more tolerant than usual, and the romance that cut a flaming swath across the pages of history emerges with more fidelity to fact than Hollywood usually achieves. Emma Lyon came out of obscurity and poverty to marry Sir William Hamilton, Britain's dilettante Ambassador to the Court of Naples. Then Horatio Nelson sailed into the harbor—and fell in love.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

From that moment this romance shook the courts of England and the Continent, until Nelson died at Trafalgar after defeating the combined fleets of France and Spain. Lady Hamilton went on to a drab end in Calais—and the film even has the courage to picture that sordid conclusion to the great love of a picturesque century.

The Scarlett O'Hara of GWTW gives reality and a sensitive vivacity to the blacksmith's daughter who rocked England. It is really a glowing performance. Laurence Olivier is an adequate enough Nelson—a little actory, we'll admit—and Alan Mowbray, as the English ambassador, makes Emma's rebellion quite understandable. Alexander Korda's intelligent direction catches some of the spirit of an opulent era.

VITAL STATISTICS: Every day Laurence Olivier drove his bride, Vivien Leigh, to the studio. Jupee, otherwise Jupiter, their English sheep dog, always accompanied them. At noon their cook would arrive with their luncheon, specially prepared at home. . . . To play Nelson, Olivier added a false nose, widened his mouth, lowered his hair line. . . . The long eighteenth-century dresses worn by Vivien hid the 4½-inch heels on her shoes, used to gain height. Miss Leigh is only 5 feet 1½. . . . One of the big sets shows the city of Naples stretching in the distance. This was built in miniature; cost $20,000. Nelson's flagship, specially constructed, was a $30,000 item. The mikes picked up the rustle of the voluminous taffeta dresses and they had to be lined from top to bottom with flannel. Darned uncomfortable, too. . . . Fifty-one children played the seventeen children of King Ferdinand and Queen Caroline of Naples during the three periods of time pictured by the film.

★ ★½ TOPPER RETURNS

THE PLAYERS: Joan Blondell, Roland Young, Carole Landis, Billie Burke, Dennis O'Keefe, Patsy Kelly, H. B. Warner, Eddie

(Rochester) Anderson, George Zucco, Donald MacBride, Rafaela Ottiano, Trevor Bardette. Screen play by Jonathan Latimer and Gordon Douglas based on characters created by the late Thorne Smith. Additional dialogue by Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Produced by Hal Roach-United Artists. Running time, 89 minutes.

IT'S a week of film sequels. This, indeed, is a sequel to a sequel—and it goes after the strange fantastic astral hilarity of the late Thorne Smith's original yarn of gay ghosts riding the moonbeams of fancy.

Here pretty Ann Carrington comes home from the Orient to visit her father in his weirdly populated house. With Ann is her pal, Gail Richards. The girls find Carrington surrounded by a sinister set of servants, commanded by a strange physician. Then Gail is murdered—but her ghost materializes to solve the murder, aid her beleaguered blonde friend, even to wisecrack and sip some champagne. Gail appears and dematerializes at will, panels flip out of walls, heavy chandeliers come crashing down, chairs drop occupants to oblivion, the comedy police are properly baffled.

Full of eerie hi-jinks, the Topper thing remains quite amusing. Joan Blondell is the ectoplasmic Gail, Carole Landis the harassed heroine.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hal Roach wanted Joan Bennett to do the part now played by Carole Landis, but Joan felt the role would be overshadowed by Joan Blondell—and declined. . . . Roland Young and Billie Burke are Topper veterans. Played Cosmo Topper and the fluttery Mrs. Topper in the original Topper and in Topper Takes a Trip. . . . The special-effects department had a busy time, what with typewriters that tapped merrily by themselves, rowboats with invisible rowers, pillows that depressed themselves under invisible heads. Credit for these things goes to Charlie Oelze and his fellow magicians of Mr. Roach's studio. . . . That heavy ornate chandelier that almost eliminates Carole weighed 250 pounds, cost $800.

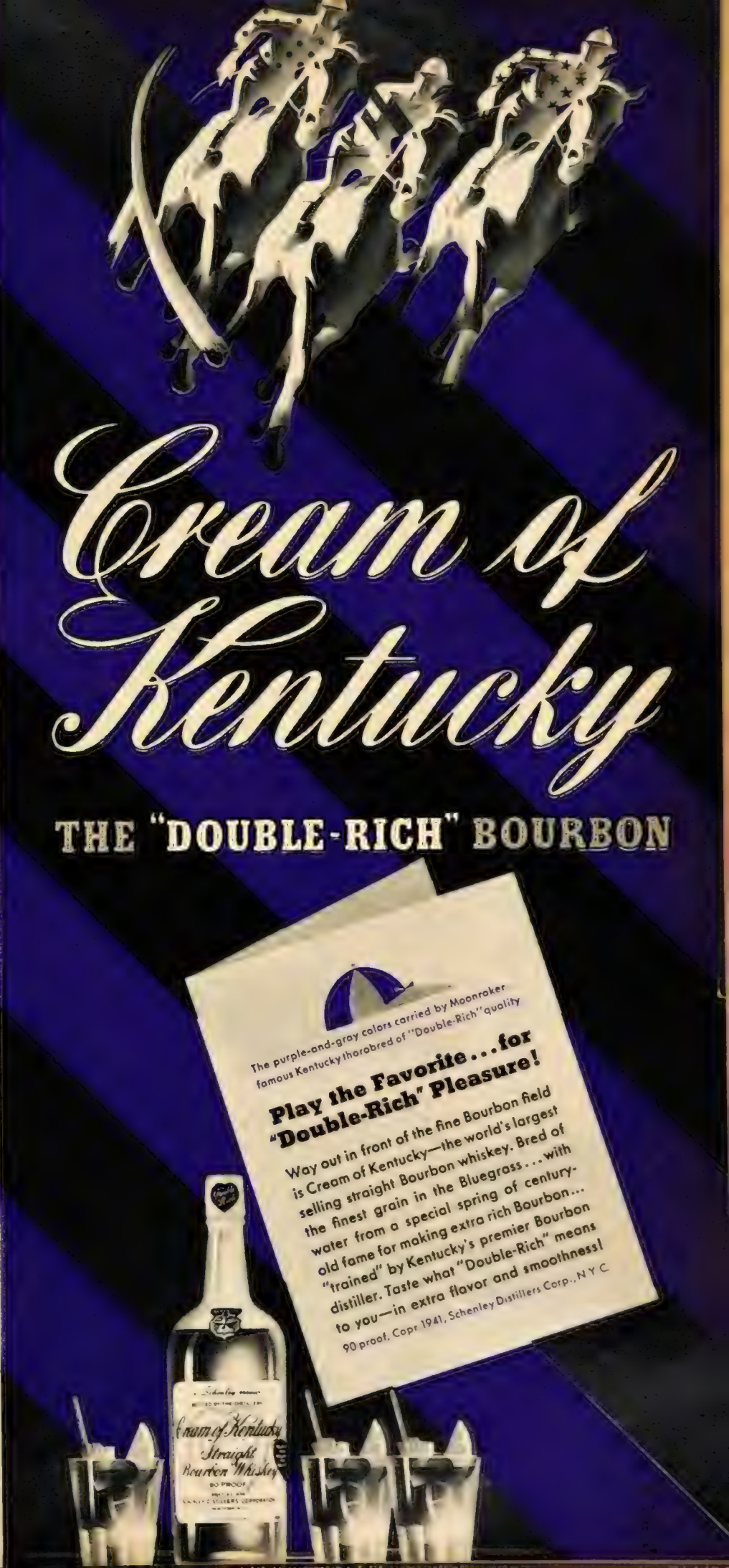
★ ★½ MEN OF BOYS TOWN

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney, Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn, Darryl Hickman, Henry O'Neill, Mary Nash, Lee J. Cobb, Sidney Miller, Addison Richards, Lloyd Corrigan, George Lessey, Robert Emmett Keane, Arthur Hohl, Ben Weldon, Anne Revere. Screen play by James Kevin McGuinness. Directed by Norman Taurog. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 106 minutes.

BOYS TOWN was a box-office smash of two years ago, so what was more natural than a sequel with Spencer Tracy again in the role of the understanding kindly Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney again as Whitey Marsh, now mayor of the City of Little Men? Sounds like a certain hit, but somehow the thing doesn't come off. This is long, strains too hard for drama.

Here Father Flanagan takes in a crippled boy named Ted Martley who has been convicted of killing a brutal reform-school guard and starts his work of rehabilitating the embittered man-hating lad. Ted has a pal back in the reformatory. Whitey goes to investigate and pretty soon finds himself a prisoner alongside Miles Fenley, the boy he has tried to help. When the cruel guards beat up the two, with the result that Miles dies, Father Flanagan comes to Whitey's rescue and— But that would be telling everything.

Our chief criticism is that the


Cream of Kentucky
THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON
The purple-and-gray colors carried by Moonraker famous Kentucky thorobred of "Double-Rich" quality
Play the Favorite . . . for "Double-Rich" Pleasure!
Way out in front of the fine Bourbon field is Cream of Kentucky—the world's largest selling straight Bourbon whiskey. Bred of the finest grain in the Bluegrass . . . with water from a special spring of century-old fame for making extra rich Bourbon . . . "trained" by Kentucky's premier Bourbon distiller. Taste what "Double-Rich" means to you—in extra flavor and smoothness!
90 proof. Copr 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., N Y C
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF

"Madame, your sarong!"

sentimentality is laid on too thickly, that every one seems to be trying too hard.

Tracy and Mickey are direct and forthright, Larry Nunn does Ted well enough—but this sequel does not achieve the spontaneous appeal of the original Boys Town.

VITAL STATISTICS: Boys Town was started by Father Edward J. Flanagan in December, 1917. Since that time it has given new hope to some 4,500 homeless boys. . . . Spencer and Mickey first appeared together in a 1936 film called Riff Raff. At that time Tracy hadn't scored yet as Father Tim in San Francisco and Rooney was just another boy actor. They hit their stride together in Captains Courageous. . . . Only the camera crew went to Boys Town, near Omaha, Nebraska. Part of the town was rebuilt at the studio, matched into the location shots. . . . Some 225 boys, from six to sixteen, participated in the studio filming. . . . Nine-year-old Bobs Watson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Coy Watson, made his debut with the late Chic Sale in The Fisherman. His costume was a safety pin and diaper. . . . Larry Nunn hails from Marshfield, Oregon, is just thirteen; for six years he was a radio performer. Been in pictures just six months. . . . Even the canine star, Zoro, had a double, named Boots, who worked in the long shots made out at Boys Town.

Short Reviews:

THE PENALTY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Surprising to find such expert histrionic craftsmen as Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold in such a weak—and actually sinister—melodrama. It is the story of a murderous ruthless bank robber who is bringing up his son to be a steely cruel killer. There's no excuse for The Penalty. (79 minutes.)

A MAN BETRAYED (Republic). Corruption in city government, with a small-town lawyer invading the place and bucking the big boss, and winning the boss's pretty daughter. Dull, even with John Wayne as the hick attorney. (80 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Meet John Doe Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love.

★★★½—A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter, The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band.

"It's a duplex. The one with the ash tray is mine."

★★★—That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels Over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest.

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All smokers do—sometimes. And so it's very much to your interest to . . . GET THIS!

Found by eminent doctors: *on comparing, four other leading cigarette brands average 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris—and, the irritation lasts more than five times as long!* Philip Morris smokers enjoy the world's finest tobaccos—with no worry about throat irritation—*even if you inhale!*

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AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHAT about this rumor that the fellows now in training will not be dismissed within one year as promised? I joined the Guard on that understanding, and now I hear that it may be two or three years. It can't be possible that Uncle Sam is reneging on his promises, can it?

K. A., Fort Benning, Ga.

This is one of many similar letters. On March 20 a "high army authority" stated that, barring the gravest emergency, the War Department had decided to demobilize National Guard units upon completion of their year in federal service, and the same policy also will apply to men inducted for a year's service under the Selective Service Act.

My son enlisted in the Coast Artillery, and naturally I'm interested in the history and background of that arm of the service. Where can I get a book to tell me about it?

Father, Butte, Mont.

I don't know of any publication that deals with the C. A. alone, but I can recommend a book which has just been published that will tell you a lot of what you want to know about the C. A. in particular and the organization of the army in general:

What the Citizen Should Know About the Army, by Harvey S. Ford. Published by W. W. Norton & Co., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Cost, $2.

I've heard that in the army a rate belongs to the organization and not to the man. In other words, if a man at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, makes sergeant and puts in for transfer to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, he ships in as buck private until such time as a sergeant's rate is open and he is eligible to receive it. Is this true?

Corporal R. J. A., San Diego, Calif.

Yes, it's true, with one exception. If you can find a man at the other post with the same rating as yours and who is willing to exchange, then you can both retain your ratings when the transfers are effected.

Thanks a million, Sarge, for that small type in the upper right-hand corner of your page, ". . . and the Coast Guard." Did you know that the railroads refused to recognize the Coast Guard as an "armed force" when they allowed reductions in railroad fares for service men to go home on leave last Christmas? If the Coast Guard isn't an "armed force," then the railroads are kidding themselves . . . and us. *Semper paratus.*

M. D. F., U. S. C. G., Grand Isle, La.

Maybe the railroads will give me an answer I can print in a future issue. Certainly sounds like an injustice. But I'll give you ten to one that none of the boys at your station missed going home because they had to pay full fare.

I see that some of the fellows are kicking about their laundry charges. Here in Alaska we pay $4.50 a month on the average . . . and if any one can get by for less he's a bed patient in the hospital. We wear nothing but working clothes, and salute any one with shoes on, because all enlisted men wear hip boots. We work in muskeg bog, and if any one can find anything wetter than that I'd like to hear about it! We're not squelched, but I hope some of the boys in the States will be.

Private 1st Class, Annette Island Landing Field, Ketchikan, Alaska.

Attaboy, private, and I'll bet you'd swing on the first one to say, "You're all wet"?

I like your page, but you ought to sue the guy who drew your picture at the top. You're not a Japanese spy, are you, Sarge?

C. C. C., East Aurora, N. Y.

Them are fightin' words, friend. Unless the family album lies, there have been no Asiatics in my family for several generations. If you'll pay the artist for a new picture I'll be glad to use it.

What's the army coming to? We of the R. R. C. in Fort Meade are now subject to twelve-hour guard shifts without relief. Under winter conditions this is no picnic. We are called the Special Guard and pull our twelve-hour stretch from four in the afternoon until four in the morning, then off until four the following morning. In other words, twelve on and twenty-four off. Being an "ex" yourself, you know that even two hours on gets monotonous . . . just imagine twelve!

B. W., Recruit Reception Center, Fort George G. Meade, Md.

"No picnic" is right, but what's the rest of the story? There's more to it than that, I'm sure. I don't doubt your word, but no post is doing that to its men without some reason. If you don't know what it is, ask your top kicker and skipper . . and let me know.

"There are two places I rate a salute," said the Old Sarge. "One's when I receive the report at roll call, the other at formal guard mounting."

"You've missed the best one of them all," leered the fresh jeep. "What's that one?" asked Old Sarge. "When we bury you."

First Call, 44th Division, Fort Dix, N. J.

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE UNOBSTRUCTED Universe

A 1941 DOCUMENT ABOUT LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE

The most remarkable answer of our time to the ageless question—Does death end all?

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Mrs. White, the "Betty" of this document, died on April 5, 1939. Mr. White is certain that she returned to him that night from the "unseen land" of which they had been explorers for twenty years. She has since communicated, he says, through "Joan," wife of "Darby"—these being the pseudonyms of a couple who, as psychic researchers, keep their identities secret. Joan works blindfolded, in a trance state; "Invisibles" talk through her, or at times she herself reports. On returning she has no recollection of it.

How did Betty, through Joan, convince her husband and friends of her identity before beginning her "divulgence" as to the (to her) unobstructed continuity of their known universe with her hereafter? She began by mentioning trivial facts in the Whites' past experience. The document's opening installment, in Liberty last week, was largely made up of accounts of such "evidential material." An exceptional item was to the effect that, from the hereafter, Betty had "got into" Joan without Joan's realizing it, and had caused her to buy a Chinese chest for which she had no use. Through her, Betty later explained that she herself had wanted the chest for her sister, with whom its color and a design on it were old favorites. This the sister was to confirm. Another item was Betty's mention to her husband of his "bringing my blue slippers." He had forgotten all about it. Two persons outside the research group were to assure him that he had taken her such slippers at a time in 1937 when she had been in a hospital in San Francisco.

PART TWO—"THE ONE AND ONLY REALITY"

IN what follows Joan will be referred to at times as "the receiving station" or, more briefly, "the station."

After she had gone in trance that first night, a long pause ensued. Then a whisper: "Yes, yes." Suddenly the voice came through clearly.

"Where shall I begin?" it said. "You see, Stewt,[1] Joan's all clogged up with emotion, and I can't . . . She wants to. She wants to let me have her mind to use for you. I think the best thing is just to begin the job, and that will quiet her down and give me a better chance.

"You see, the thing I have to do now is what I did before, only from the other end. I have to come back and tell you *how* I come."

The facility abruptly failed. In such cases a question often helps. An earlier "message," purporting to have come from Betty to a friend and relayed to me, was that she was "working on the subject of pain, its nature and the technique of handling it." I asked about that, merely to get things going again. It worked.

"That is a very definite part of what I am doing," she resumed. "We are all of us working so hard on people who are coming over suddenly now. [This refers to the fighting in Poland. S. E. W.] Our friend the doctor is helping on that. He and I are working together. It is all confused here now: so many coming suddenly, and they don't know what has happened to them. You see, to people like you, and me when I left you, who know the facts of the very narrow no man's land between what you call life and what I now call life—well, we can aid those who come out to help us in going over, and meet them all clean and glorious and sure. Always those who go naturally are met and told what the change is, so that there is no disconcertion on their part. We are not only spared the surprise of finding ourselves suddenly in another sphere, but we ourselves can wipe out the tensions of our memories."

"A long time ago," said Darby, "soon after a medical friend of mine died, I was talking, through Joan, with him about his own passing. And among other things he said this: 'Birth is the mystery, not death. And did you ever stop to think, if a child about to be born could be awarely conscious, how confused it would be, and how afraid of the strange new world it had to face?' How about it, Betty?"

"Your friend was right," she replied. "Of course death is much simpler than birth; it is merely a continuation. Earth is the *borning place* for the purpose of individualization."

"Do you see and feel the physical sensations of my world that I see and feel?" I inquired of Betty. "If so, do you get them through me? Or on your own?"

"I have all the senses you have, only more," she answered.

"Then you can actually share a physical sensation with me, as smelling a flower or seeing a landscape?"

"Of course. And I've done it. All that you have I take, and I want it. And I can induce a sensation in you.

LISTEN!" Betty paused. For a breath there was utter silence in the room. Then, "Listen," she said again. "*There is only one universe.*"

Darby's eyes met mine. Here, indeed, was a new concept if Betty meant to include herself as well as us.

Most moderns, I think, have discounted the pre-medieval imagery of a heaven set above the clouds with golden streets and gold-crowned angels. Yet my own ideas on the subject, I suddenly discovered, were pretty nebulous. Betty existed. I had no slightest doubt as to that. She had come back to me on the hillside not thirty minutes after she had died. Since that night she had done the same thing repeatedly. Now, speaking through a receiving station, she had come back to identify herself by means of specific statement of veridical facts.

But—coming *back* implies "from." From what? A mode or state of being? Or from some *place*, some*where?*

Darby voiced my bewilderment. "What's the implication—only one universe? Are our universe and yours one and the same? Do you mean what you say literally?"

"Literally," she replied. "This divulgence is an effort to get at the relationship of our two worlds. I want to get over to you in terms of mechanics the possibility of the two worlds being the same. There is only one universe.

"I want to make you understand, first, the reality of my existing in the universe of which you are not wholly conscious. I want you to understand, secondly, the *possibility* of my existing in a universe of which you are fully conscious. And the third job is the *actuality*. I want to make you understand that I do exist, and in a one-and-only universe wherein you too live, but amid the world's obstacles. I live in the universe you don't see, and also in the one you do see. Therefore I live in the *whole* universe."

"And, as a corollary, to show that

[1] Only Betty had ever called me that; and, as far as we know, Joan had never heard it. S. E. W.

a great many things supposed to be lost by separation are not really lost?" I suggested.

"The only things that are lost are those apperceptions controlled by your senses—and not those entirely.

"One of the things that makes it seem to you, in your existence, that my universe is not your universe is frequency. I called it to Joan's attention when she was mending the electric fan. She could hear the hum. She could look through the fan and see the door case back of it. The fan was running so fast that so far as her vision was concerned it had lost

grant that you have a shifting line, an unfixed horizon, even in your own universe.

"I am speaking of the shifting line of your existing universe for the individual. You live in that universe. How different do you suppose it is to you than it is to a child? There is no division—neither for you nor for me. If you can discover the frequency, you can reveal my universe. That would not mean that you could inhabit my universe. It would only mean that you would know that *I* am inhabiting it."

Something like looking at fish in

ferent from ours." I observed. "Do you have to leave your natural frequency to come in touch with our physical world?"

"We do not have to. The only change of frequency required of us is in order to apprehend more fully our own new existence."

JOAN likes to hear the records read after each session. As she says, it's all *she* gets out of our parties! On such an occasion the three of us were discussing the evening's work. Betty was hammering bigger and better ideas at us constantly. And

its solidity. My coexistence with you is analogous. If the frequency were different for your human focus, you could see me. As it is, you look through me. I am not there.

"Now suppose you cast your mind back to my efforts, when I was with you, to project my consciousness beyond my then universe. What I was doing was to project my consciousness beyond my then limitations. The limitations of human existence vary according to the individual. The mode of existence of certain individuals is farther out into the whole. Grant that, and you immediately

Betty paused. For a breath there was utter silence. "Listen," she said. "There is only one universe." Darby's eyes met mine. Here was a new concept.

an aquarium, one of us suggested half-humorously; you can see them but you can't live with them. Betty was inclined to accept this.

"You know," said she, "how a child develops its five senses. Touch is the first, hearing is the next, and so on. Now *there* is a shifting universe."

"You said your frequency is dif-

our failure to comprehend her *only one universe* was holding everything back.

"Stewart," asked Joan suddenly, "what was it Betty said the other night about photography? Could the analogy be there?"

Out of our ensuing debate was evolved this: Take a black-and-white photograph—it registers a reality. Take a color photograph—and it registers exactly the same reality, *but* a reality beyond that depicted by the black-and-white. It is only an extension—a more detailed and accurate registration—of the identical scene

originally photographed in black and white. Assuming that we here normally live in the black-and-white universe, it is now entirely *possible* (Betty's word and emphasis) for us to imagine a "color" universe in which she might live. So there you have apparently two universes, one black and white, one in color, but nevertheless the same.

"So analyze them as you will," said Betty, "they are only two appearances or aspects of the same thing. There is only one universe."

IN view of her statement that she was to "bring a picture" of her state of being, I was a little curious as to why her Invisibles in all her twenty years' work while she was here had refused to tell anything about the conditions of life there, and had never permitted her to attempt any descriptions of her exploration. "How does that come?" I asked her.

"Two reasons," said she. "First, you were not ready to receive explanation. Second, there was never before just this combination. I mean a hook-up like Joan and me. You see, I put in many years of projecting my earth consciousness into the universe as a whole. Most of my understanding that I brought back was in the terminology of earth symbols."

"I want to make this as all-inclusive and simple as possible," she told us on another occasion. "My work has always been an explanation of reality. It is now. But the purpose of this further exploration of reality is not to broaden communication between the obstructed and the unobstructed universes. It is not to make the picture of my existence so attractive as to create in earth consciousness a longing to come here. Each individual is put into the world to do a job; and he comes here best and happiest only when it is completed. The purpose of the present divulgence is to restore in earth consciousness the necessity of individual effort, and the assurance that it will not be wasted. The only assurance of this is a return to the belief in immortality.

"A second purpose is to instill into earth consciousness the oneness of the whole. *This broadens your ethics and restricts your morals.* Both have been too loose for the comfortable living of mankind. Incidentally, one of the causes for the instability you note in peoples, individuals, thought, art is the sudden ease of communication in time and in space. The use of radio, the automobile, and the airplane is not stabilized. They have been too rapidly developed for the assimilation of society in general."

WE worked hard—no question of that. Usually each session lasted from two to two and a half hours. At the close of each, Betty—oh, very politely!—dismissed Darby from the room. "You see," she explained quaintly, "I must change myself back, for Stewt, from a schoolma'am into a gal." Then for ten minutes or so she would talk to me of personal things. So intimate to ourselves, at times, was some of this that at first I could not quite avoid a slight uneasiness.

"I know it seems strange to you to be talking this way with this woman present," said Betty. "But she is not present. She is a thousand miles away! She goes so willingly and sweetly," added Betty appreciatively.

These little private talks fairly bristled with the most brilliant "evidential." But I did not wish to think of them that way. They were just talks about our own affairs.

THE only difference, really, between our worlds is a difference of frequency," Betty told us. The gap between has never, as yet, been *mechanically* bridged. That is to say, the highest frequency we have mechanically produced or isolated is lower than the lowest frequency of Betty's state of being.

"You see," said Betty, "when I was there with you, I was very close in degree to Joan. I am stepped up now higher than she."

In order to communicate through Joan, explained Betty, she must first of all "step up" Joan's frequency to a meeting point with her own, so to speak. That was not exact; but a glimpse was afforded by the illustration of striking a note on a piano and getting vibrations on all the other octaves of that same note.

"The only reason," said Betty, "you cannot exist and operate in the *entire* universe, as I do—for I operate in your universe as well as in mine—is because you are not able to step up your frequency. Joan can, upon occasion, step up her frequency. But it is not a constant with her, which is why she isn't living with me here now. And, further, she can also permit me to help step up her frequency." There seemed to be considerable technique to that.

"A station's ability to release subconsciousness and be stepped up in frequency *is* a talent," she repeated. "You all have it to a degree, the simplicities of it. Everybody is more or less 'psychic.' Some know it, some don't. Darby is a good 'conceiving station,' Stewt is a combination. Joan is a super receiving station. It's a talent on my side, too. In a way, we have 'mediums' here. Certain of us can communicate with more facility. I have to contend with the frequency of Joan's physical body, just as she does to communicate with me. That is a resistance. In many cases the deflection is so great you get no communication at all."

"You said a while back that you 'used the released subconscious of the station and its storehouse,'" I reminded her. "Of course we have known that you people over there pick a station for its vocabulary. Do you also pick a station for its content of knowledge of a subject?"

"Rather for its *potentiality* of knowledge," she amended. "Now, here is Joan with a talent for receiving impressions outside the ordinary world impingements. She goes about her business all day, having her share of hunches, but no more than the average person. Then we four get together. One of the reasons Joan is such a good station is because she can be turned on and off by somebody else. In her case, by Darby's touch on her wrist."

"Suppose I am making a mental comment to you. How literally do you take that from my mind?" I asked.

"I get more than the gist of your comment. I get your exact words when there is a *direct* communion between you and me. When there is a station, I would not only have to get your words myself, but in most cases I would have to get enough of the sense of your question into the station's mind to be able to answer it through her."

"It has been stated, quite often, that in your world you communicate with one another mentally, what you might call telepathically," I continued. "Is that true? It doesn't sound very sociable."

"We have voices. We can communicate with each other mentally, but we use words simply because it's easier. There is a little more technique to getting it out of the mind."

There is, she explained, a "communication band" of frequency common to all.

"It isn't important," said I, "but there's a current idea in occult circles that every time we think of you people, you are aware of it and have to respond—"

"I should say not!" Betty's scorn was vast. "If you thought you really had something to say, of course we would come," she relented.

NOW look here," I challenged one day. "You've got me scared. If you people can enter our minds at will, pretty soon I'm going to be afraid to think. And you say you can go anywhere in our world. Where's our privacy? Irvin Cobb's goldfish in a bowl has nothing on us."

"Certain things you call traits of character and convention have a different meaning here than there. They are enormously intensified. Such things as honor, honesty, self-respect, and the like," said Betty.

"Does that intensification impose on you an actual inability to intrude, as a locked door with us?" I wanted to know. "Or is it merely voluntary?"

"There are certain things you could not do—that you need no conscious inhibition to keep from doing. You never would think of them. Murder, for example. Then there are conventions that perhaps you have consciously to think about. You might break a convention, and then you'd be sorry. Such things do go farther on our plane. They are all of them protective."

"How about lower degrees with-

out the full sense of honor, privacy, and so forth, of the higher degrees? I instance not reading a man's diary. True of us, but not perhaps of the typical landlady of fiction."

"One of the difficulties on earth is that you have idealized truth out of your social set-up. Yet you have your prisons. The reason you have so many of them is because you have permitted the lower degrees to run amuck," she replied.

"How do you keep them from running amuck over there?" asked Darby.

"In the first place," said Betty, "laws are obeyed here. We all understand that if we run up against a law, we bump. The breaking of a law here has a different reaction on the individual consciousness than does the breaking there. And it's not done."

"These lower degrees are then *unable*, by their nature, to invade privacy?" was my question.

"It is the very nature of things that makes them unable."

"CONSCIOUSNESS," Betty said over and over, "is the starting point for everything."

She established it as basic concept number one:

Consciousness is the one and only reality.

Then she beat over again the ground she had covered in introducing us to her own first new concept: that there is only one universe. She said that we lived in the obstructed, she in the unobstructed phase of this universe. We are obstructed by matter. "You bump," as she put it, "up against a stone wall; it obstructs you and you have to climb over it or go around it. You bump up against time; you say, 'I haven't time to do' thus or so, and you mean that the fixed duration of an hour or a day or a year is obstructing you. You bump up against motion; some rate of speed, slow or fast, is continually obstructing you. You bump up against thought, people's ideas; every day they are hindering, limiting, obstructing you.

"Even so, you will be amazed to find how much of *my* universe is in your present knowledge."

This, of course, was really her basic thesis: that there is an unobstructed universe, and that it interfuses with our own; that even our obstructed aspect is obstructed only to us, and not to her.

"You know," said she, "that all about you, all the time, are colors, sounds, energies—even infinitesimal floating particles of organic as well as inorganic matter—that you never perceive. When you stop to think, you acknowledge the fact of a radio wave—and you might have walked through one. But it did not obstruct you. So for you it just wasn't there. If you will only *think*, you will find that already you know quite a lot about an unobstructed universe."

The thing she wanted to get to us next was that consciousness, indi-

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

vidualizing itself, dividing into the countless entity manifestations that make up the entire universe, operates in trilogy—in threes. In that no occult significance of numerology was intended. It was merely another way of saying that the universe is three-dimensional; though ordinarily the term means to us only length, breadth, and thickness. Betty needed to extend the field covered by it.

"You have, for instance, solids, liquids, gases: earth, air, water." She rattled off a dozen more merely to illustrate. "In the trilogy of space you have reduced it to the prepositions *from, at, to.* Time is yesterday, today, tomorrow. All through your three-dimensional universe runs trilogy, scientifically, materially, psychologically, even mystically."

The immediate application she desired to make of this concept was: The obstructed universe—our physical universe—operates in trilogies. But—*so does the unobstructed universe. So does consciousness itself.*

"Now I think we should begin to clarify the subject of time," began Betty. "There are three kinds of time: sidereal or clock time; psychological time; and then a third or orthic time, which we are to discuss. Sidereal time is a fixture of your universe; it depends on movements of planets and is measured by calendars and clocks. Psychological time is more flexible. It is your inner sense of time. You, for yourself, can more or less control your sense of sidereal time by your psychological time. If you are happy and busy, an hour is short; if you are cold and uncomfortable, an hour is long."

But *if we will,* she went on to point out, we can often take any given hour and *make* it long or short. We can fill it with distraction, interest, or amusement; or we can just sit still and be bored. In that fashion, we do control sidereal time by means of psychological time. But the control is fragmentary and partial.

"*Your psychological time is really the time in which you live,*" said Betty.

This, on reflection, we had to concede is profoundly true. Our lives are not, in retrospect, measured by years, but by their content.

"This time in which I exist is not only shared by you," she asserted, "but can be conceived by you from your own experience.

"A child knows nothing of clocks. Nevertheless he has a sense of time. You are *trained* to sidereal time. As a child is born into the world, it brings with it the acceptance of time—just time. This initial knowledge—instinct, if you like—is of *my* time. Orthic time. Even an idiot, deprived of controlled mental activity, has a realization of orthic time. He knows he exists—in time. It is purely instinctive, because it's a coexistent of being. It *is* being; an ever-present time, without beginning and without end. Of course it is a difficult concept to your modern thought, because the reality has been lost through your personal experience; just as, before you, it had been lost through the racial experience which is your earth inheritance.

"That is the price of civilization. Man has educated himself out of inherent wisdom, and now by the sweat of his intellectual brow he must search out the truth for himself again. And being, you remember, 'only a little lower than the angels,' man will find the truth, since truth is here to find in my unobstructed universe; in orthos.

"But you have another aid in your understanding of orthic time, and that is sleep. Things happen in sleep without time relation."

TIME, space, *and* motion are hooked together, Betty somewhere reminded us; they *are* the trilogical coexistents of consciousness.

Speaking of our radio and light beams, she said, "You have, because of them, a new ratio between your time and your space."

"In other words," I contributed, "the same amount of time does not measure the same amount of space."

"That's it!" she cried enthusiastically. "So many hours between New York and San Francisco instead of so many miles! You listen to a baseball game over the radio. You hear the crack of the bat on the ball before the people in the grandstand do; you are 3,000 miles away, and the people are within sight of it. This suggests that your preconceived ratio of time and space, even in your own field, is variable, malleable, and is in the process of re-establishment.

"You know that we here, to use your terminology, travel far—call it spatially; yet you call me, and I can immediately come. The wave—conductivity—that is used by you now to transmit vibrations resulting in sound at the receiving end of a radio is a part of our natural habitat. With your radio you are isolating, for a single use only, a medium in which we dwell. This is your next 'glimpse' of the relativity of time and space, something you yourselves are using. Now, since man has developed a mechanical thing through which, by turning knobs, he can make a new ratio actual, it ought not to be too difficult to conceive a different ratio of time and space for us."

This installment of The Unobstructed Universe is an excerpt from the book of the same name published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., and copyrighted by Stewart Edward White.

How does Betty, through Joan, make wonderfully clear to mortals—mortals who are not Albert Einsteins!—her comparison of an Invisible's "higher frequency" with radio beams and waves? To what extent does she say Invisibles can foresee the future? How does their "unobstructed universe" impress Joan, who visits and comes back from it? On all this Mr. White will report next week!

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The Bell That Sang For Love

BY MARTHA OSTENSO

A stirring, colorful tale of hearts strangely bewitched by the magic of romance

IT would be best told by my Grandmother Kate herself, of course, if that were possible—or at least by some one with her manner of telling it. But no one will ever tell it as she told it to me.

It would be best told, too, in the great room of that old ranch house where I first saw the light of day, and where my father, Dennis Adair, tried his lungs for the first time, too. That old house stands firm still in the snug valley between the Rockies and the Selkirks, where the gray flocks roam during the long winter months. The story was told me there on an evening in spring, when it was shearing time and the men were making the bands ready for their long trek into the upper ranges where they would spend the greener months of summer.

There were many things in that room that belonged nowhere else on earth. There was the portrait of my grandfather, old Homer Adair, scowling and red-bearded above the huge maw of the fireplace. Scowling to

"Nothing can ever change my feeling for Steve!" I said. "I'm not afraid!"

offset the gentle smile of his eyes! There was a rack of guns on the opposite wall, and the hide of a monstrous cougar sprawled beneath it, the clubbed tail coming to the top of the table where I had that day placed a bowl of catkins from the willows along the gully.

But most of all there was the tiny bell that stood in its wonted place upon the mantel, so small it might have been held easily in the palm of one hand and covered with the other. Its weathered bronze would have drawn no more than a passing look from any one, unless he had once heard its haunting silver note, like something out of another world, or could remember its sweetness from another day. Perhaps my own memory of its sound was a kind of dream, for the bell had stood there, winter and summer, for fourteen years, its metal tongue smothered to silence by the handful of virgin wool my father had packed securely about it that night my mother died—and with her the one who would have been my brother had he lived.

I was only five when the dreadful thing happened to all of us, but always I seem to remember it, though the memory was doubtless more than half made up by what reached my ears from time to time as I sat and listened to the bits of guarded talk that went on about me during the years the bell had stood there on the mantel, casting its strange pall upon the room.

I am not in that room now, but neither am I far distant from it, and it is easy for my mind's eye to see my grandmother as she was that evening when she told me the bell's story. She was dressed in black, I remember, with a flutter of white lace at her throat and about her slender wrists. I was nineteen at the time, and I sat in my dusty riding habit that betrayed where I had been during the afternoon.

"Down at Red Claw Creek, I'll warrant, meeting young Steve Darnley, and you not more than a day home from school," she said, smiling at me with a patient sadness that caught at my heart, for I knew she was taking sides with Steve and me against my father's unreasoning and bitter opposition.

I nodded, with an inner turbulence, and she folded her delicately veined hands and bent upon me the unsparing search of her clear blue eyes. "You've set your heart on young Steve, then?" she asked.

EVEN if it had been broad daylight, she would have marked no change in the color of my cheek, unless it were a heightening of anger, for my mind as well as my heart was set on Steve, as his mind and heart were set on me, neither of us seeing why an old grudge of my father toward his should hold us apart.

"I'll never dream of another," I said. "It will be Steve or nobody."

I was using the very words my own Steve had used that afternoon as he held me close in his arms there on the little bridge above the creek. "You, Elspeth, or nobody! What have we to do with an old quarrel between your father and mine? And what has it to do with us? If dad were alive today, I'd take you to him now—and tell him. But I'll come for you tomorrow night—for the shearing dance at the Harlands'—and we'll tell your father we mean to be married by midsummer. Have you the courage to stand against him—with me, Elspeth?" And I had promised, "Oh, yes, yes—with you, Steve, against the rest of the world, forever and ever!" Upon our kiss then the delicately jeweled light of the spring woods seemed to lay a benediction.

DURING my girlhood I had set eyes on Steve Darnley often, of course, but it was not until Emily Tate's wedding, last summer, that we had spoken to each other. I was eighteen then, and that made the difference. Before I went back East to school in September we had all but done away with the distance between his ranch and ours. And with his talk of buying an automobile, the first in the valley, we were like to do away with distance altogether. We met again at neighbors' dances during the Christmas holidays. Our letters after that had been full of impatience for the end of my schooling, when I should be home again and we could make it plain to my father that we were bent on marrying whether he granted us his blessing or not.

Well, I was home again, having arrived just the day before, to find my father away at a conference of railway men and government officials in Vancouver. I hadn't seen him yet—but I *had* seen Steve!

My grandmother sat for a while and rocked more quickly, her strong thin fingers picking at the folds of her black silk skirt. "The good Lord grant it!" she said at last. "It's high time your father was done with hating a man whose bones have been dust for years. It's high time he admitted he was something in the wrong himself and might have saved the life of your mother if he hadn't been such a headstrong fool. It's a hard thing I'm saying about my own son, I know. But I'm tired of seeing that bell sit there, year in and year out, gathering dust with time, and never a soul that dares bring it to life again and bid it sing."

I had been waiting for that—oh, for years I had been waiting to hear some one speak of the poor voiceless thing whose song had once been heard across a sunlit hillside somewhere on the other side of the world. I knew that much about it, at any rate.

"If you could only guess, grandma," I said with a laugh that didn't have much body in it, "how often I've been tempted to take the wool out of that bell! But with you and father warning me so against it ever since I can remember—I never did quite dare. I used to think a ghost would come out of it if I touched it."

"And so it might," she said, her voice strangely shaken. "No, Elspeth—such things must come rightly to their end, or not at all. There is a power in inanimate things, say what you will, and it is not to be set lightly aside."

I sat almost breathless in the glowing dusk of the great room, a little frightened. Had I not been an only child, perhaps, and had we not lived in such isolation in a little kingdom of our own, it is likely I should long since have ferreted out the history of the bell, its golden generations now steeped in shadow.

"Men are the same today as yesterday," Grandmother Kate went on, "and the same this year as last, and all of them fools one way or another, however wise they may think themselves. When I've done with telling you what I have to tell, you may not feel the same for Steve Darnley—he being his father's son."

"Nothing can ever change my feeling for Steve!" I said, and in silence she gave me her searching glance once more. "I'm not afraid!" I declared, my chin tilted on my palm while I tried to deny the chill that ran through me.

I TOLD you long ago, I think," my grandmother began, her eyes upon the bell— "I told you it came first from Spain. My mother—your great-grandmother, that is—was a Basque. There's an affinity"—that was the word she used, with a sort of caress in it, I remember, for she loved the sound of a good word—"there's an affinity between the men of Spain and the men of Ireland," she said, and arched her brows in satisfaction over knowing so much about a closed and ancient past. "That's something you didn't as much as guess, did you?"

I confessed my ignorance.

"There was a Spanish king once who got him a wife out of Egypt—back when the world was still young. My father was something of a scholar, you see, for all he was an Irish peasant as well, and I learned these things from him. My mother, Maria, carried the bell with her out of Spain when she went with her father to Ireland. A strange, dark woman my mother was, but with a head of fair hair. I've looked at you and thought to myself how like you she must have been.

"But it was the bell my father heard across the moors one evening that first bewitched him and led him straight to where the girl was tending her small flock in the sunset. And after that—it never let him go. They lived happily together, even through the years of the Great Famine, and they died not many days apart. My brother and I were grown by then, and we scraped enough money together for our steerage passage to Canada. I carried the bell with me, for the last thing my mother said to me was, 'Take it and keep it, Kate. It will bring you love.'

"And so it did. We prospered here in the valley, and it was no great surprise to me when Homer Adair rode up the side of the mountain one evening where I was moving the flock to a bench where the grazing was greener. Homer had heard the music of the bell I had tied to the neck of the wether of my flock. You can say it was the spring, or you can say it was my being alone that did it, but I say it was the bell. I had only to look once and I knew, for all his fierce red hair and the dark scowl he gave me, Homer Adair was for me."

She smiled, lost in a dream too remote for my fancy to follow.

"It was counted a good marriage in those days. Homer had ten thousand head of pure bred and good cross-strains on his range. He built this house for me—they knew how to build, the men of that time. He carried me in his arms across the threshold there, and set me on my feet here in the middle of the room. And here we lived, and I gave him six children in all—and Dennis, your father, was our firstborn."

I knew about my uncles and aunts, of course, scattered about in the world and doing well for themselves. But none of them doing better than my father, who had stayed where he was born and had come into the ranch with its great flocks when Homer Adair caught his death in a snowstorm one night when I was only two.

SO much for that, then," my grandmother said. "It was the sound of the bell, you see, that brought my father and mother together. And it was the same sound that brought Homer looking for me. But there was to be more to it than that. Dennis was slow to marry. A dreamer your father was—and still is, except when he's in anger, and then he's like a volcano come to life after centuries of snow and ice have held it under. He was thirty-five that spring when they were driving the flocks in for the shearing and Mona Lawrence stopped her horse outside our gates to listen.

"I knew what it was she heard there in the quiet of the morning. She was on her way to the district school, where she was teaching, and there was a mist of pearl still hanging in the ravines. I saw Dennis go to the gate and speak to her. Then, with a queer look, he went and took the bell from the wether's neck and gave it to Mona. It chimed out at her touch as I had never heard it do before. And when the sound began to fail, it lingered about me like the memory of a blessed dream, and I knew there would be tidings soon from Mona and Dennis."

"They were married in this room," I said, moved by something so deep and prophetic I found my own silence intolerable. Steve and I next, I was thinking—oh, *Steve and I next!*

"In this very room," my grandmother said, "with Indian paintbrush and wild valley lilies and roses decorating it, and your mother in my

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Along came the prince and woke her up. Then he spotted Dentyne and cried, "Say, what's this?"

"Have you too been asleep?" laughed the princess. "Dentyne helps keep teeth white and sparkling. But I chew it mostly because it is so spicy and very delicious. Try some."

"Mm—say, it's good!" said the prince, "extra chewy, too."

"Especially made that way," the princess explained, "to give your mouth the exercise it needs, and to help keep teeth free from tartar and decay. Your dentist will tell you so."

"Smart girl," cried the prince. "Will you be my queen?"

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6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE . . . MOUTH HEALTHY

wedding gown of ivory satin. People came all the way from Kamloops for the wedding, and Homer and I were very proud that night. He was proud, too, the night you were born—and angry because your father was displeased that his firstborn wasn't a boy. 'God forgive you for a fool, Dennis!' Homer said. 'You'll have the boy in good time.' But Dennis proved himself fool enough when the time came."

I frowned in troubled confusion, for I loved my big silent father despite his rash temper that always frightened me when it flared. But when the flare died down he was easy enough to approach and could be tender as a woman when you went to him. It was with this knowledge that I comforted myself when I thought of what Steve and I were resolved to tell him tomorrow.

My grandmother saw my frown, and sighed. "We can have another log on the fire, I think," she said gently.

I placed the log and offered to fetch her shawl, but she refused to be pampered.

"When I'm an old woman, you can start doing for me, but not till then," she said with spirit. And she was already in her seventies when she said that.

THE year you were five," she went on, "your mother was expecting her second child. We were praying it would be a boy, of course—for your father's sake. That was the year bad blood developed between our men and the men Robert Darnley had working for him. Robert was a shiftless sort who spent most of his time at the gambling tables in town, and left his foreman—a rascal by the name of Willing, if you please—to look after his affairs on the ranch.

"Joe Gilly, our foreman—and an honest, kindly soul if ever there was one—ran foul of Willing over winter range rights, and then had the bad luck one day to ride down an old sheep dog belonging to the Darnley outfit. The dog was blind, almost, and deaf as well, and Joe swore the poor old thing ran under the horse's hoofs as if he meant to end it all. He went to Willing with his apologies—and that was the week before the fair, where we counted on showing a dozen or so of our own Merinos. The two had words about the dog, and there was a fight, and from all accounts Joe gave Willing a beautiful beating. But three days later, nine of our prize Merinos lay dead in their corral, their throats slashed, and the bellwether thrown on top of the heap just for good measure.

"I'll never forget the look in your father's eyes when Joe Gilly came in with the news. He got up from his chair and left the house, and his face was black with murder. Your mother followed him and pleaded with him while he saddled his horse. She sobbed and begged him not to go near Robert Darnley until he had his temper in hand, but he shook her off and roared at her to get back to the house. Then he thundered away and left your mother standing there.

"The next thing I knew, she was running down to where the dead sheep lay, and me not near enough to stop her going. She took the bell away from the wether and was coming back up again, when I saw her stumble and fall. We carried her in and up to her bed, where your brother was born two hours later but without a breath of life in him."

SHE paused and closed her eyes for a moment as though against a memory too cruel to bear.

"We sent one of the men to town for the doctor, but he was too late to do any good. He was still there, though, when your father came back, and I made to be the first to meet him in the yard, thinking to gentle, as well as I might, the blow of what he must be told. He swung off his horse, his knuckles grimy with dried blood, and one of his eyes all but closed and set askew on his face so that it would have been comical any other time. But his other eye still blazed with satisfaction in the morning's work, and he laughed as he said to me, 'The doctor'll have to patch up what's left of Darnley, damn his slack hide!'

"I stiffened back from him, and I guess it was only then he saw the tears streaming down my face. 'The doctor'll have enough to do where he is,' I told him. 'He's here—with Mona, in the room—and your son is born dead, with your wife like to follow him!'

"I thought I had seen Dennis' face at its worst, but now it went the color of ashes and with a terrible light somewhere back of it. He tore into the house and up the stairs, and after a while the doctor came down and nodded to me, and gave me some instructions about what I was to do. 'I'll be out again tonight,' he said—but I *knew*, then.

"I went up to the room and Dennis was kneeling beside the bed, his face on your mother's breast, and her stroking his hair, all matted and damp as it was.

"'I went to get the bell,' she said, trying to explain how it happened. 'It's there—on the bureau, Dennis. You must keep it for Elspeth.'

"He gave her his promise and she smiled at him and stroked his head again until she fell asleep. The doctor came at suppertime, but there was nothing he could do. There was nothing any one could do."

The firelight spiked the great beams overhead with fantastic rosy shadows, and in the back spring of reflection upon the mantel the little bronze bell seemed to twinkle with a life apart from all the room. My grandmother's eyes were upon it too in that moment.

"So Dennis could not destroy the bell, or rid himself of it, although doubtless that was his wish. No, he muted it, and set it there as a reminder of what Robert Darnley had done to him. And there it has stood

to this day, a pledge of hate that was once a token of love."

Sounds came from out doors now, and glancing through the window I saw my father driving in from the gate, the buckboard careening as the shiny black team pranced and arched their necks with joy at being home.

"Dennis has won his point with the railways and the government," my grandmother chuckled, going with me to the door. "I can see that from the humor he's in."

MY father was in high spirits indeed when he came into the house. He was still a handsome man, I thought, and quite young to look at, for all he was in his middle fifties and his hair gone gray above his weathered skin. He was tall and spare, with powerful shoulders that many a younger man might well envy for their straightness.

He caught sight of me, and the instant brought a gladness to his face that made my throat hard and sore, for even then I was thinking of what Steve and I had to tell him tomorrow. He swept me up in his arms.

"Glad to be home again?" he asked huskily, and laughed down at me. "Or have the schoolmarms weaned you away from the old place?"

"I'd rather have our valley than all the schools in the world."

"Her dad's own girl!" he cried, and kissed me again. Then he held me from him, his strong hands on my shoulders. "You've been in the saddle already, I see."

My heart was in my mouth. "I took Blackie for a run," I said. "The hills are more beautiful than ever."

"We'll get out together, soon as the shearing's done and the flocks moving," he promised. "There's a couple of coyotes we ought to run down."

I scarce knew how to answer, for who could tell what we might be doing by the time the flocks were moving? But I spoke out as best I could. "That'll be great fun, dad!"

"You've had a good time of it in the city, I see," said grandmother.

"Ha! The rascals learned there may be sheepmen here in the valley," he laughed, "but they know we're not sheep."

"You'll be wanting your supper, I suppose."

"Supper, Mother Kate!" he cried. "Who'd be thinking of supper—and my own girl at home to welcome me? I'll never let her out of my sight again, please God!"

"You'd best eat something, for all that," my grandmother said a little testily, and turned away to speak to the girl Evalina.

"Set it out, then—and a jug of ale with it. I'll fetch Joe Gilly and Ned Carruthers to talk over the business I've managed to get done with the bigwigs."

Joe Gilly was no longer foreman—Ned Carruthers, a younger man, filled that post now. But when the change had to be made, my father had saved the old man's pride by appointing him supervisor emeritus, with the sole duty of checking on the health of the flock. There had been no mention of old Joe's crippling rheumatism, and nothing had been said of a pension, as such. The little man had been awed by the word my father had used, and had come to me to write it down and explain what it meant.

"Emeritus!" he said, looking at it and swelling with pride.

The supper was festive, with Joe Gilly and Ned Carruthers drinking my father's health and prosperity and congratulating him on what he had done at the meeting in the city. I knew little of the business, beyond the fact that the ranchers had chosen my father to speak for them in the hope of gaining reduced freight charges from the railway companies. But I was proud of him as I heard him talk and knew the respect he commanded among the men in the valley. And I wanted to go to him then and tell him—with my arms about him—how well I understood the feeling that had kept him so obstinate all these years in his bitter memories of Robert Darnley. I wanted to tell him, too, that the time had come for an end to that old hatred, because love had come to take its place. But he was spent from his long journey, and his mind was on other things. Tomorrow, I thought, tomorrow will be time enough.

Men, here's one right across the plate:
Use Thin Gillettes—save dough—look great!
They whisk through beard in record time,
Yet four blades cost you just a dime!
Top quality at rock-bottom price
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
8 for 19c
New Economy Pack 12 for 27c
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

In my room upstairs I threaded a new blue ribbon of velvet through the eyelets of insertion lace on my flowered lawn dress that had puffed sleeves and a flounce on the skirt. I was busy at it when my father came and stood looking at me from the doorway, his pipe in his hand.

"Time you were in bed, my girl," he said gently. "You'll be tired after your trip home."

There was a strained worry in his voice, and I was caught up sharp with the conviction that somebody had told him something. Grandmother Kate? No—she wouldn't! But Joe Gilly perhaps. He had seen me set off on Blackie toward the Darnley ranch. He was a garrulous little man, though meaning no harm by it. I felt suddenly cold—and then hot with the courage Steve wanted of me.

"I'll be going to bed in a minute," I said. "I have to get this dress ready—for the shearing dance at the Harlands' tomorrow night."

I might as well come out with it if I had to, I thought. He stood and looked at me for a long time before he spoke.

"The Harland dance, eh?" He seemed to be considering something. "Well, you're young only once," he said at last and with a wistfulness that didn't quite cover what was in his mind. And then, offhand, he said, "One of these days, I expect, you'll be turning your back on me and running off with some young rapscallion without a penny to his name."

"He isn't a rapscallion," I said, sitting straight with the dress in my lap and my eyes meeting his direct, although breath seemed to have left me, "and he's not without a penny to his name, and I don't mean to turn my back on you and run away—unless you force it."

I laughed up at him then, as if I were ready to make light of it all. But I could see him bite hard on his pipe and I could see his brown throat move up as though for air, and the strained roguish smile on his face was so pitiful I could scarcely bear it. But I bore it—for Steve's sake I bore it!—and if my father had asked another question I'd have told him the truth then and there.

"Well, let him be the right one," he laughed, denying what in his heart he knew and would mull over all that night till sleep came to him at last. And then, yawning prodigiously, he bade me good night and went off to his room.

IT was a lovely day. The sky seemed to spring from the dark blue of the western mountains up to a lighter blue and then across a fleece of cloud to the east, and the east belonged to the plains, and the plains had a pure azure of their own above them.

I did not see my father at breakfast, for he was out at daybreak with the shearing crew. But during that morning I did see on a very green knoll directly across the gully from the yards a small flock that seemed to be yearlings. They were set apart from the main flock and were tended by a spindly boy and a sheep dog.

Oh, I thought, and my heart raced proudly, you've got another strain started there, father. That's the cross you were talking about last night—the silky-fleeced Spanish and the Shropshire for strength. How beautiful they are!

I stood for a while and watched the flock of a hundred or so feeding on the knoll, and tears came to my eyes. I don't know why it was—perhaps for the patient dream of my father and his tireless striving in his own way to give the world something finer and stronger out of nature's bounty. But perhaps more than that—perhaps for all the generations of lonely men on lonely moors and mountains, back into mythical time, who had tended their flocks against storms and beasts of prey for the well-being of mankind.

My father took his midday meal with the men, as was his habit during the busy season, and my grandmother and I ate alone.

"You've got everything ready for the dance?" she asked me.

"Yes. I put blue velvet bows on my white kid pumps, to match my dress. I have to wash my hair this afternoon."

"I could help you with that," she said cheerfully.

"When it's dry, you might help me with the pompadour. I brought home one of those new wire rats—"

"I never did like the combing rats," she declared. "I never thought they were quite clean, somehow. But they're always inventing something new—"

DO you think father really intends to buy an automobile?" I asked. "Steve will be coming for me in his."

Grandmother chuckled. "Land sakes, what would any one want with such a contraption in this country?"

It was sunset before my father came riding in from across the valley where the first bands were already on their way to the upper ranges. The western sky was a smooth flame notched by the indigo of the mountains, and the beauty of it—with my thoughts of Steve—was almost past endurance. I was dressed and slippered, my hair a glossy pompadour, my mignonette sachet envelope pinned to my corset cover. Upstairs on my bed lay my blue cape and my white crocheted evening bag, ready to be picked up as soon as Steve and I had talked with my father.

Grandmother Kate stood beside me on the veranda, watching father riding toward us past the cottonwoods that were an unearthly gold green in the failing light, the youngest spring loveliness there can be anywhere in the world. I saw my father turn his horse out of the trail and stand looking upward to where a mountain eagle hung poised above the flock on the green knoll. The yearlings were aware of it too, and had begun milling about in a way that gave the young herder and his dog all they could do to keep them in hand.

And then I saw Steve's red automobile come swinging from behind the cottonwoods and out into the open at the base of the knoll. That was enough. There was a mad rush of the flock down the slope that no power could check. The black sheep dog raced about in a panic of effort, the herder ran frantically to turn the leaders back on the other side, but they came plunging blindly down toward the gully and nothing could stay them.

My father had leaped to the ground and was running toward the point where the poor creatures were already cascading over the steep rim of the coulee to pile up in a broken, mangled mass at the bottom. The

QUESTIONS 20

On this quiz, score yourself as follows:

1-5 Correct .....Below freezing
6-10 Correct.....Temperate zone
11-15 Correct .....Subtropical
16-20 Correct.....Heat wave!

1—What famous actress, celebrating forty years on the stage recently, said, "Sometimes I wonder what I am to be tonight, ninety or forty"?

2—Why did Lady Godiva have to go on her famous ride?

3—The world's largest marble building was recently presented to the U. S. government. What and where is it?

4—What letter is omitted in the alphabet of the ordinary dial telephone?

5—What did the following United States Presidents—Madison, Monroe, Polk, Buchanan, and Garfield—have in common?

6—Every one knows about Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, but when is midsummer night?

7—Why do farmers dread "black rust"?

8—How did the passionflower get its name?

9—Is there any rum in bay rum?

10—Can you name the five most popular sports in the United States?

11—Was the Holland Tunnel, connecting New York with New Jersey, so called because New York was settled by the Dutch?

12—Where in the Bible is there a discussion of the monopoly question?

13—When was the first transatlantic flight by air, and who made it?

14—The sprays of what vegetable are often used in floral bouquets?

15—What is the chief reason for the large increase since the war began in the production of flashlight batteries?

16—What is the color on a rainbow's outer side?

17—The inhabitants of what state are known as "Blue Hen's Chickens"?

18—What are the two principal gases of the air we breathe?

19—What curious sleeping quarters were used by Diogenes?

20—Whose hat recently sold for $3,200, even though it is in tatters?

(*Answers will be found on page 52*)

men were hurrying from the yards on the opposite side, but I was certain it would be too late for them to do anything. Yet that was nothing against my frozen, horrified certainty that my father would be part of that mangled mass if something didn't turn him back before he rushed into the tide of gray shapes hurtling to their own destruction.

It was then I saw Steve leap from his automobile and race along the edge of the gully. I could not hear his shout above the insane bleating, but I saw him wave his arms as he ran and the next moment he had flung himself forward and had my father by the heels. They went down together, sprawling, and I saw no more of either of them as the flock went past, around them and over them, so that I closed my eyes against the sight and groped back toward the railing of the veranda.

"Go up to your room and wait there," my grandmother said sharply. I forced myself to look, and my father was on his feet, his men helping him toward the house. For the moment I did not see Steve, and the blind swaying came over me again.

"Go to your room, I say!" my grandmother ordered.

"Father's hurt!" I told her, for as through a black veil I saw him holding his hands to his head as he staggered over the uneven ground. I had seen Steve too, but he was already down with the men and helping them throw the sheep back out of the gully.

"Not as bad as might be," my grandmother retorted. "Go on up now and I'll send for you. This is no time for you to be showing yourself all dressed for a dance. Evalina—Evalina! Bring in a kettle of hot water and a towel or two!"

I GOT no farther than the threshold of my room, where I leaned against the doorway and listened. I heard my father come into the house and fling his men off with an oath, and I knew that *he*, at least, would soon be himself again.

"Hell and corruption!" he raged. "Let me be!"

"That'll be enough of that, now," Grandmother Kate snapped. "You've got no more sense than a jack rabbit—wading into that mess like the fool you are! Sit down there. Set the kettle down, Evalina. Here, give me the towel." My grandmother was at work, but her talk flowed evenly. "I saw it happen in Ireland once—and the man wasn't worth burying when they dug him out. But some men are set on being fools all the days of their life. Here, let me get the dirt out of your eyes. Ah—you've got a lump there to be proud of—and here's another the size of a pullet's egg. What in the world comes over you—"

"Be quiet, will you?" my father said; and then, more gently, "Where's Elspeth?"

"I sent her to her room. You're a fine sight to look at for anybody, let alone your own daughter."

POLICE REPORT!

3 out of 4 prefer the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

203 OUT OF 269 POLICE PREFER THE DELICIOUS PEPPERMINT FLAVOR OF BEECH-NUT GUM

The extra goodness of delicious Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum has been tested by an independent fact-finding organization.

(Here's the way it was done):

269 policemen in 15 different cities were questioned. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed.

Each policeman was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified), and asked to report which stick he preferred. *Result:* 203 out of 269 (3 out of 4) preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut Gum to that of other brands.

Try the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut today. You'll enjoy its delicious long-lasting peppermint flavor.

YOUR FAMILY WILL "GO FOR" THESE 3 INEXPENSIVE MEALS!

KETCHUP BEEF LOAF—Combine 2½ lbs. ground beef, 2 cups Heinz Rice Flakes, ½ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 1 egg, 1 tbs. finely chopped onion, 1 tbs. salt and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Mix thoroughly. Form into loaf and place in a greased roasting pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 1½ hours. During baking add ½ cup water and baste two or three times.

Heinz Tomato Ketchup Gives New Zest To These Tempting Meat And Leftover Dishes

THICK, ruddy Heinz Tomato Ketchup is the answer to simple foods that need the lure of perfect seasoning. This lusty blend of Heinz "aristocrat" tomatoes, Heinz Pure Vinegar and rare spices is so rich it goes *much further.* Keep a bottle in your kitchen—another within arm's reach on the table.

2 EASY-TO-PREPARE MENUS

WORTH HURRYING HOME FOR!

Meat and Noodle Casserole*
Old Fashioned Coleslaw
Heinz Pure Apple Butter
Corn Muffins
Sponge Cake
with Caramel Sauce
Coffee

***MEAT AND NOODLE CASSEROLE**—Arrange 2 cups finely diced leftover meat, 3 cups cooked noodles, in alternate layers in casserole, dotting noodles with butter. Blend ¼ cup each water and Heinz Tomato Ketchup and pour over top layer of the noodles. Sprinkle well with bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

LOOKS GOOD TO ME!

Barbecued Hash*
Baked Potatoes
Cubed
Head Lettuce Salad
Fruit Cobbler
Coffee

***BARBECUED HASH**—Brown 2 to 3 cups diced leftover pork or veal in butter. Combine ¼ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, ½ cup water, 1 tbs. Heinz Cider Vinegar, 1 tsp. Heinz Brown Mustard, 2 tsp. flour and 2 tsp. brown sugar. Pour over meat. Simmer slowly ½ hour. Serve in a nest of steamed rice.

HEINZ
TOMATO
KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

He was silent for a moment, weighing his own humiliation, I thought, and even in my anguish about Steve I was sorry for him. But he was not beaten yet. I could hear the heavy rumble in his throat before he spoke again.

"If I ever see that young hellion on the place again—him and his damned machine—"

"You'll see him soon enough, I'm thinking," my grandmother interrupted. "And he'll speak for himself too. But you'd do well to remember the way you lost Elspeth's mother—putting so much store by a few dumb sheep! And the way you'd be stretched cold yourself, this minute, for the same reason, if it wasn't for—"

"Will you stop your talk!" my father thundered. "I've had enough for one night."

But he was to hear more, I knew, because at that moment there was a new sound in the yard, and rushing to the window I saw Steve get down out of his red car. I hurried back to the landing and crouched to listen above the beating of my heart.

"I'm very sorry for what happened, Mr. Adair," Steve was saying, "and I'll do my best to make up the loss. It won't be as bad as it looked. We— The men dragged most of the sheep out alive. I hope you're not hurt much."

"What brought you here in the first place?" my father demanded.

"I've come to take Elspeth to the Harlands' shearing dance."

"Then," my grandmother spoke up promptly, "you'd better have a raw steak on that eye of yours, Steve. And have your pants cleaned fit to wear. Evalina!"

I STOOD at the head of the stairway, my skirt flouncing about me as though its ribboned and flowered gaiety had not been sobered this past while. Below, in the big room, I could see my father rising from his chair and staring at my grandmother. She stood at the mantel, giving him back his look and there was a smile about her lips.

"It was given my mother—who gave it to me, Dennis," she said in a voice that sounded very soft and far away. "It was handed to Elspeth's mother after a journey over half the earth. And now—it has lain in silence long enough, Dennis—and no hand of yours can keep it so."

I saw her slim fingers move to the mantel and then—in all the world there could be no sound like it. Before the bell's note had ceased to tremble in the still air about me, I stepped down the staircase, my dress billowing free and wide so that I seemed to float downward to the twilit room.

My father smiled crookedly, and stared at me. "Is it really you?" he asked admiringly as his eyes swept me from head to foot. "Well, here—here's young Steve Darnley, if you can recognize him."

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IF you're on pins and needles, don't be surprised, for though you may not realize it, National Notions Week is upon us! This is the week—April 21 to 26—when all magnates of mixed merchandise are supposed to concentrate on showing you and selling you the newest clips, zippers, pins, buttons, hooks, needles, thread, tape, hangers, curlers, wavers, and what not. To acquire a perspective from which to survey the notion field, I spent an interesting morning talking with Arthur Mellin, executive secretary of the National Notion Association. "In these times," he said, "our trade runs to more than a hundred million dollars annually. Over the country there are five or six thousand department stores with highly specialized notion departments. Some of them carry as many as ten thousand different items. The day of the little old-fashioned notion store, tucked away in an obscure corner of the town, is definitely finished. Notions are big business now." Looking over a preview of notion novelties newly introduced, my attention was held particularly by the following: . . . Transparent plastic toothbrush with nylon bristles; plastic wardrobe accessories, clothes hangers, fur rings, hat stands, and shoe trees in new artistic shapes; nylon sewing thread in forty shades; plaid or checkered shoe laces for sports wear; shirt grippers to keep plump husbands' shirts from riding outside their pants; strapless rubbers that fit like a cap over the toes and soles of your shoes.

☆ I don't know whether this true story points at the nerve of some women, or at the kindness of fate, or merely at the fact that rushed men seldom bother to read small print. . . . Stranded in Bermuda with her young son, the lady had neglected to engage passage home, and all cabins were taken. Her little boy played on the floor with an empty candy box. Attached to the box was a slip marked GUARANTEE in big letters, then, underneath that, a long rigmarole in microscopic typography. She snatched up the slip, pasted it on her ticket receipt, waved it in the face of the steamship agent. "See!" she said. "Your New York office *guaranteed* my return cabin!" The busy man stared at the word Guarantee and looked no further. Somehow he found room for her and her child.

☆ As a contribution to our defense measures, General Mills is now issuing a set of seven printed programs for the guidance of women's organizations undertaking preparedness work. Leaders of women's club groups or community units may apply for the set to General Mills, Inc., Department of Relations with the Public, Minneapolis, Minnesota. The set consists of a booklet on program planning, then separate program booklets on health, nutrition, education, recreation, buying, and homemaking. The one on homemaking includes a very comprehensive quiz from which you can give yourself a stiff examination in the domestic arts. Altogether a practical project in applied patriotism.

"Isn't it wonderful how they hang them up to dry?"

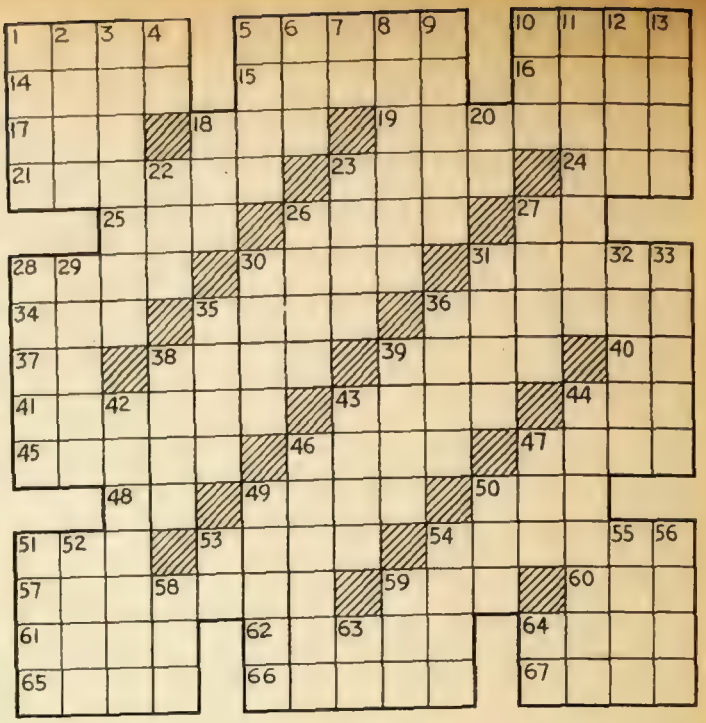
☆ To make the most of the new spring vegetables, try *Louisiana Broiled Chicken* at your next informal dinner party. I know of nothing that goes better with the good green things of this sprightly season. . . . Have 2 broilers cut in 8 pieces. Melt 8 generous tablespoons butter or other frying fat in pan. Put chicken in pan with melted butter. Add ½ pound sliced mushrooms, 2 small sliced onions, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper, 1 clove garlic. Simmer 15 minutes with cover on pan, turning as needed. Remove chicken, dip in bread crumbs, broil golden brown. Serve with riced potatoes and hot fresh asparagus or young green peas.

☆ During his last visit to the United States, I enjoyed several home conversations with the late F. Britten Austin, distinguished author of stories and histories concerned with war. He was working, he told me, on ancient documents that seemed to him to prove Joan of Arc did not die at the stake, but that she escaped at the last moment through the secret substitution of a girl already dead, and that Joan lived long years incognita, eventually marrying and reaching a ripe age.

What a fascinating possibility for research to go on with!

CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin

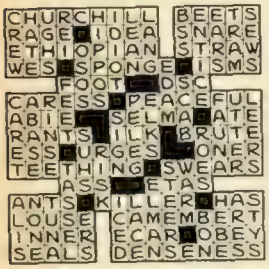


HORIZONTAL

1 Naked
5 Onward
10 Native metal (pl.)
14 Unobstructed
15 An estate
16 Prefix: half
17 Color
18 Domestic animal
19 Affected with progressive emaciation
21 Flowed out slowly
23 Large town
24 Irritate
25 Slice
26 Entwine
27 Article
28 Smooth
30 Very large
31 Spoken or written language
34 Cover
35 Blaze
36 More offensive
37 On high
38 Peel
39 Type
40 Preposition
41 Infer
43 Soil
44 Genus of ruminant quadrupeds
45 Upright
46 Slender string
47 Stick
48 Exist
49 Cover with stone, bricks, etc.
50 Guard
51 Period
53 Very small quantity
54 Most recent
57 Afternoon performance
59 Obese
60 Tree
61 Employer
62 Wedge-shaped timber cut
64 Unadulterated
65 Withered
66 Noisy breathing
67 Otherwise

VERTICAL

1 Carried
2 Summit
3 Lessened
4 Prefix: into
5 In the middle of
6 Loiter
7 At; near
8 Attention
9 Part of a stove
10 Poem
11 Yellowish oil
12 Mohammedan title
13 Unwell
18 Stroke gently
20 At
22 Color
23 Coop
26 Entice
27 Herb
28 Escape
29 Snake
30 Employ
31 Wine
32 Bristle
33 Toothed irregularly
35 Reality
36 Toward the bow
38 Brownish purple
39 Baseball team
42 Arguer
43 Operatic star
44 Pernicious
46 Kind of sail
47 Household pet
49 One strongly imaginative (pl.)
50 Tangle
51 Australian bird (pl.)
52 To scrape with something sharp
53 At home
54 Narrow road
55 Title of respect (pl.)
56 Place in difficulty (colloq.)
58 Anger
59 Because
63 Not
64 Hebrew letter



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"QUINTS" GET FIRST CANDY

© King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Naturally, Baby Ruth was selected as the first candy for the carefully nurtured Dionne Quintuplets! For Baby Ruth is pure, wholesome candy made of fine, natural foods.

You'll love its smooth opera cream center; its thick layer of tender, chewy caramel; its abundance of plump, fresh-toasted peanuts; its luscious, mellow coating.

There's deep, delicious candy satisfaction in every bite of Baby Ruth. It's rich in flavor, freshness and good food value. Join the "Quints"—enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose—as well as other nutritious ingredients—helps overcome between-meal hunger and fatigue.

. . . . An American Favorite

Liberty's HISTORY OF OUR FLAG Quiz

Your Opportunity to Learn the Fascinating Facts of How the Star-Spangled Banner Was Evolved—and to Win Big Prizes for Learning

You Can Start a Winning Entry Direct from This Page!

AS fascinating as the stories of the battles, treaties, sacrifices, and victories through which the United States of America came into being is the story of the history of the flag which represents this great nation.

Even though every one has a general idea of what our flag looks like, recent tests have shown that surprisingly few can draw even a reasonably accurate picture of it.

If you doubt this, get a pencil and try it right now. Challenge your family and your friends to try it. You'll be amazed! Fewer still know but the vaguest smattering of its history. Liberty believes that every citizen should know how the Stars and Stripes evolved. To spread this patriotic information is the purpose of this quiz.

Substantial cash prizes will reward those who submit the best entries.

Enter Now

This is the second week of a thirteen-week series. You can enter the competition now, direct from this page, with an excellent chance of capturing one of the major cash awards and a definite assurance that you will discover all sorts of fascinating facts that you will be proud to know and to quote.

Not every question will be purely historical. There will be questions on terminology, ceremony, and observances, so that when the contest ends you will be well grounded not only on the story of the flag but its display and honor under all situations.

The brief Rules have been established to insure equal opportunity to every Liberty reader. Please observe them carefully in answering the questions of Quiz No. 2 which appear at the lower right-hand corner of this page.

Late-Entry Opportunity

For the convenience of readers who will enter the competition from this page and for any reason do not have the quiz in last week's Liberty at hand, reprints of Quiz No. 1 have been prepared. If you require this material, mail your request to the contest address in Rule 8 and enclose ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive the reprint you can bring your entry even with the field.

In the meantime watch for History of Our Flag Quiz No. 3 in Liberty dated May 3, on sale April 23.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

Copyright, 1941, Howard W. Bible.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 2

St. George and the dragon, in symbol of kill,
Begot the brave banner of intrepid will.
And valiant in knighthood from far-distant day,
It led in the vanguard of battle's array.
So found the new continent far o'er the sea,
To herald the freemen of life's liberty.

—Howard Wiswall Bible.

1. Identify the English flag described in the above verse.
2. What is the Cross of St. George?
3. What is the Cross of St. Andrew?
4. What British flag was termed the Grand Union Flag or the King's Colors?
5. What was the first flag known to have flown over North American soil?

LILI KETTRIDGE, left alone and wealthy at the death of her grandmother, scandalizes her friends in Florida because she pays the gambling debts of Horace Rumford, a weak, rather likable young man who has just been jilted by Magda Manning for Bugs Dourbon and the Dourbon money. Later she shocks the town of Croton because of a party that takes place in her grandmother's house.

Lili is not really in love with Horace; she has become friendly with him mainly because he is an alumnus of N. Y. U., and through him she hopes again to meet Peter Higgins, a law student at the university in whom she is very interested. She is lonely, too, and Horry and Magda and Bugs amuse her. She has nobody, now that her grandmother is gone, except Old Sawyer, a general factotum who runs the Croton house. True, her mother and father are living; but her father, Shelley, an irresponsible artist, is out West with his second wife, and her mother is in England.

One day during vacation when Lili is home from college, word comes that Peter Higgins, who went back home to Arizona because of his sister's illness, has brought his orphaned niece to New York and wants to find a place in the country where she can board while he finishes his studies. Magda is staying with Lili, and Horry is about to arrive, but Lili leaves the house to meet Peter and helps him find a boarding-place for his small niece.

After dinner, he returns with her to her house. A note tells her that Magda has left; but Horry, rather drunk and disheveled, appears from Lili's bedroom. Peter is shocked and Lili orders him to leave the house. Horry goes too, and Lili is left alone and lonely in the big house.

The next morning, however, Peter comes to apologize and Lili is happy again. They go for a horseback ride, and Lili is thrown near an unfinished house in the woods. Peter carries her inside. She is shaken but unhurt.

They confess their love for each other. . . .

Later, Peter says he is sorry, and mutters something about being "only human." Lili, who wanted to hear words of love, not apology, sends him away.

"Now," she says to herself, "I'm just as bad as they all think I am."

PART FOUR—A RIDE IN THE NIGHT . . AND TROUBLE

LILI left the house, closing the door carefully, wishing she knew of some key that might lock it forever. Almost as if she were following Peter's footsteps, she crossed to the barrier which had caused her fall.

Quite clearly, Peter had taken her horse with him. Now what?

Back on the porch of the unborn house, she lit a cigarette and tried to figure out in the darkness exactly where she was in relation to the main highway. It neither surprised nor frightened her when she saw a flashlight moving toward her. She felt, rather, like tittering. It must be Officer Bleakers again, caught up with her at last—here for a confession. To give her a third degree about love. . . .

"Miss Lili?"

The sound of Old Sawyer's voice gave Lili a quick guilty beating of her heart. He sounded furious.

She called her answer humbly. She shrank, pleasantly frightened as he approached her, his voice rumbling oaths she could barely understand. His flashlight was in her face, and she stared into the brightness with large daunted eyes.

"Damn your unformed hoodlum soul!" he blazed at her. "What am I going to do with you? Why don't nobody give me authority to clamp some sense into you? And why should I feel so night-and-day concerned, when there just ain't no hope for a black angel like you?"

She caught her sobs before they got to her throat. She closed her eyes against his merciless flashlight and let her heart weep under his high cracking voice.

"Where's your father, he ain't here to beat time into you?"

"Don't, Sawyer!" she cried, and turned away.

"Don't tell me don't," he barked, and pulled her roughly around to face him again. "I been don'ting since your Gran died. I been standin' by and not doing a thing, 'cause it ain't my place and you ain't ripe to learn. Ask me, you never will be ripe to learn 'cept by suffering, and I ain't gonna stick around and watch you suffer like the rest."

"I don't suffer," she babbled. "I won't suffer, you hear? It was awful—it wasn't like I thought at all—but I won't suffer for anybody, so there!"

The flashlight went off. The sudden darkness startled her, and she thought back to what she had said. Old Sawyer was licked. He moved away from her with a weighty shuffle. He just stood, a blacker figure than the night blackness. Licked. It half infuriated her that he was licked; she wanted his wrath to amount to something besides giving her a further sense of guilt at hurting another person.

Evidently he was going to stand there forever, a human hitching-post figure to some one's new unoccupied home. . . .

She filled her lungs slowly. Alone again. Up to you again.

"How did—Peter—get you here?"

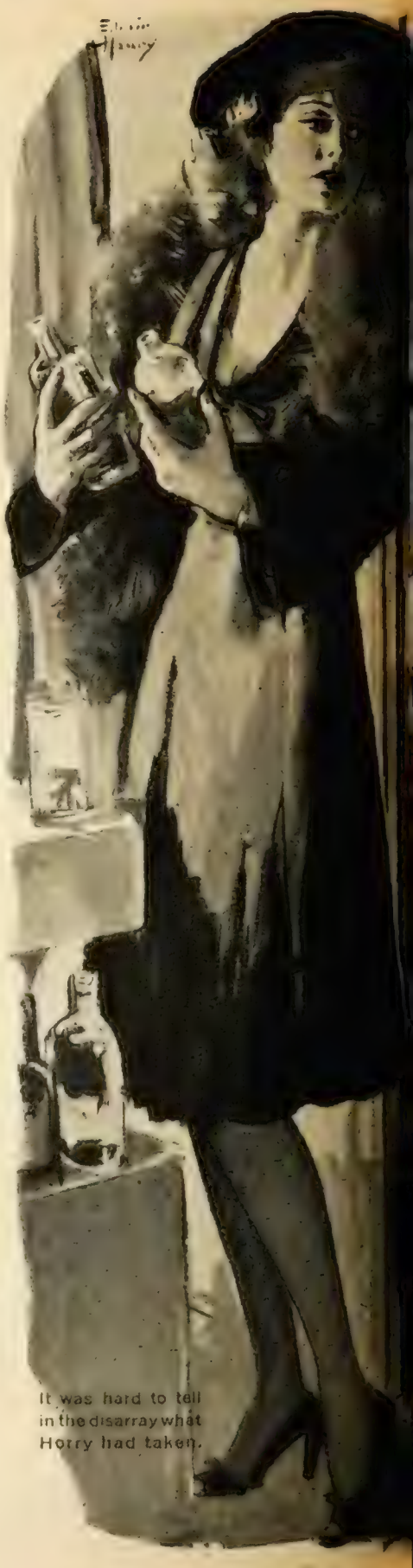
"He phoned me," Old Sawyer said dully. "Cut through to the town dump and phoned me from their office."

There was no use laughing at that; but somewhere, if you had time to think about it, it was uproariously funny.

"Never was so mortified in my life." Old Sawyer's voice was downright tired.

Fate closes in on a bewildered beauty—and a brilliant novel reaches new heights of drama

BY GRACE PERKINS



It was hard to tell in the disarray what Horry had taken.

Footloose!

"What do you think I was—and am?" she asked tartly, her insolence returning.

"To think!" Old Sawyer's voice rose again, shrilly and shattered. "To think—you of all people. Bein' *thrown!* You, who's taken every cup and prize and trophy they is offered since the age of twelve, gettin' yourself thrown into a bunch of thorns."

"Look, Sawyer," Lili said, a hint of hysterics in her voice.

"Don't look me!" he fumed. "I ain't been lookin' since your Gran died, have I?"

"No, honey-pie."

"So along comes a simple two-legged animal from the West that you think is swell 'cause you're lonesome, and you can't even stay on a horse."

"That's right, Sawyer. I can't even stay on a horse."

"And you end up cut all over the face with wild patch and like as not will have oak poisoning like you always did as a brat. And he has to take your horse home and call me up and ask me to come get you so he can tell them at the stables you had another date and ditched him for it."

Lili walked the length of the piazza. So that was Peter's story, and how neatly and quickly—with what sanity—he devised it. Smoothing it out for her? Or for himself?

And Old Sawyer was mad at her for being thrown—from a horse. That's all he knew.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

"Sure. Take my arm."

He held the flashlight before them, and his arm clasped hers close as they eased their feet over the lumpy ground. The new moon had set. It was dark.

In the station wagon, she sat beside him, kicking aside paper parcels of potatoes and other supplies with a rapid complaint. He was nice enough—or man enough—to talk over her. She loved him for it, because she needed the sound of a voice other than her own.

"Gorry Bleakers talked to me today in town, and was like enough to make my blood run backwards . . ."

"Who?" she asked.

"You know who—Gorry Bleakers—wasn't he around talkin' to you last night?"

"Yes. Gorry? What's Gorry?"

"Gorham Bleakers, and don't pull my wig," Old Sawyer protested.

"Oh—Gorham. How pretty!"

"For pity's sake. For mercy's sake. For the sake of charity."

"Sawyer, as a child I remember your talking like that to Gran."

"You shouldn't have been listening when you was a child."

"No; but I always did."

"Your ma and pa deliberately cast themselves out of Eden. But your Gran was a noble ninny."

"What am I?"

"A ninny. And you better stop acting as if you was pulling the devil by the tail. Bleakers is convinced you're innocent all right, but not everybody will be."

He drew up sharply in their driveway, and Lili went quickly into the house. She noted her roadster was in the garage—and the bicycle was gone. She hurried up to her room, and, opening the door, sucked in her breath sharply, almost as shocked as when, a twenty-four-hour period ago, she had opened it for Bleakers.

Her bedroom was a converted woodland. Boughs and branches everywhere. Not florist things, but taken from the wilds—probably along the road where they had cantered that afternoon. Peter, of course—and yet she hadn't supposed him capable of such a thing.

On her bed was a large open paper; and on it was an exquisite conventional study of floral wreaths and sprays.

"They tell us we should 'say it with flowers,'" he wrote in lovely bold printing beneath, "but these are all I can afford. What I'm trying to say is, let's forget anything and everything we should forget; it never happened; and let's go on from there."

She sank on her bed and studied the printing, letting the words sink in. Acutely the smell of woodlands filled the room, and Lili's eyes filled with tears. There was no use getting sore at the young man, really. He might make love and say how desperately sorry he was. He might leave notes suggesting it never happened and to forget. . . .

But maybe that's the way things are, and not as she fondly imagined them. Besides, how could he possibly guess how deeply and irrevocably she loved him—how could he?

And, lastly, some word was better than no word, wasn't it? At least he had made a vigorous effort, within his rights, to win back her ease of spirit. . . .

Old Sawyer knocked and brought in a tray, ranting and grumbling, ordering her to take a hot soak, paint her face bruises with an antiseptic, and go to bed directly. And she could laugh now and thank him. She could follow his orders and sleep peacefully—a fine exhausted peace. When she woke, the house was no longer overpowering. She could write a fine flippant note to young Peter Higgins, with just the right gay tone, and then answer all the accumulated mail, and go over final dutiful papers with Old Sawyer. She could promise herself to return to college and, by all that Gran's memory meant, outshine herself. . . . She could call Magda and talk for ages, the while Magda threatened to run off with Bugs Dourbon at any hour she could manage it. Yes, Magda had talked to Horace Rumford—endlessly. That's all the A. T. & T. were in existence for, it seemed . . . No, she had not seen Horry—what was the use? . . .

Lili hung up and sighed. People and their love entanglements! Had Horry ever told Magda he was sorry he had transported her to temporary heaven?

Then Lili bought toys and a few little overalls and jumpers, and went to see Peggy. Peggy stared at her. Mrs. Robbins allowed that the child did not make friends easily, and that she had cried a great deal for Uncle Pete. Peggy fell into a mud puddle and bawled almightily, and Lili offered to bathe her. Which was unfortunate. Peggy was afraid of modern tubs, and didn't like baths, and was under the impression that Lili was bent upon murder. Peggy smacked Lili hard, with what Western blood there was in her. And Lili sat on the bathroom floor and cried.

She went home, after a cup of Mrs. Robbins' tea, convinced, despite all that good woman had said, that she was one of those unnatural females whom children intuitively found obnoxious.

AT home, Sawyer had all her bags packed, himself dressed for a journey, and a cable in his trembling hands.

"It's your mother, Miss Lili!" he explained grimly. "And I'll take you in town. She's arriving on the plane day after tomorrow, and you'll have to settle her some way. Your Gran wouldn't give her house room in her lifetime, even if she did give her money. And she's not going to think she can settle herself here; not—not if I have to board the place up temporary."

Lili studied the message and wondered how much her mother had spent on the address. "Try Croton, New York," it said. "Try ——— College; try Junior League Headquarters for forwarding."

She sighed softly, shrugged, and went on to the message: "Expect land LaGuardia twenty-third exhausted do try to take me home need country quiet blessings mother."

Old Sawyer nodded as she glanced up.

"O. K.," she said. "I wouldn't inflict it on you, Sawyer. I'll tell her you're in quarantine. Here we go."

In New York she took hotel rooms. She had barely tipped the bellboy and closed the door on him when her phone rang.

"Why, Pete! How on earth did you know—"

"My own Gestapo."

"Do I gather Old Sawyer can be bribed?"

"Just he's a pal," he laughed. "How's for dinner? And some sort of an evening? I'm awfully lonesome and I have three dollars."

THEY dined cozily in a drugstore, and sat on the broad stairs of the Metropolitan Museum under the feet of the mike to hear Tchaikovsky's Fourth. Their meeting was highly casual; each had specially prepared bon mots. Not for hours could Lili really look him in the eye. When she did, her heart quit triple action, because his eyes were grave, kind, and full of tenderness. She felt comforted and reassured. He was just all right, this young man—whatever his sins, he was decent and you could trust him. Far, far more than you could trust yourself—and that was the main thing.

He walked to her hotel with her, and promised to go to the airfield in the morning and meet her mother with her. He said when he left:

"Lili, tonight has been a sort of special-delivery heaven. I've been to concerts and eaten before. It must be you."

"I thought it was you," she smiled.

A couple coming out of the hotel bumped into them, and a moment later Pete was off down the street and Lili was going through revolving doors. She was glad. There were not going to be any good night kisses—*ever*. She was glad about the whole tone of relationship as she went to her room. This was what he had meant and intended. Companionship. A knowing—as he had put it—that the other was around. Wasn't it rather wonderful he had referred to nothing, and how could he? Was he burning to say and explain and review as many things as she? Not but that silence was the best friend of lovers, and he was right, of course. She wondered, wearily and curiously, as she let herself into her room, whether such full-bodied comradeship could ever have been really attained with their love utterly unfulfilled. Probably not. Probably it was like burning dross from gold, and probably it was the result of a kind of maturity that meant wisdom hardly bought.

There were messages from Old Sawyer. And the first she opened dazed her a little. She sat on her bed, still in her furs, as she read it.

"A wire from Miss Manning," Old Sawyer had reported, "said she and Bugs Dourbon were married this morning!"

Lili thought that over. What a fool Magda was! So she had really meant her babblings. And how dreadful for Horace Rumford! Now that Lili knew the preface to love and could guess at its contents, she could understand Horry's behavior. Yes, and her father's. She could well understand people who couldn't manage to go on alone. Quite possibly, if she were never to see Pete again, she could live through it nicely. But supposing she and Pete had shared love and life for years, and had woven a shelter of endearment for each other—and then he quit loving her and went off with some one else. Why, she'd die!

Gently she picked up the receiver and gave Horry's number. His landlady, a hard-shelled crab named Gibbs, when she realized it was Lili's voice, spoke with hushed horror.

"He's dangerous sick, Miss Kettridge," she said. "I can't talk right out just now—but I'm awfully scared. . . . No, I haven't called a doctor because I—well, I just don't want any scandal or police investigation. Much as I like Horace Rumford, I'm alone in the world and I've got my . . . Oh, no, I know he's still alive."

Lili slammed down the receiver. Fine for Mrs. Gibbs, who was so afraid of what people might think. God knows what Horry had taken or done—or whether he was plain ill, alone in a roominghouse, very much criticized by his landlady and totally uncared for. And Magda off somewhere, legally Mrs. Somebody-with-money at last, thinking of him perhaps and steeling herself to enumerate his faults. . . .

LILI looked into her mirror, straight into the eyes that Peter had once called shy. Before she knew so much—before she half knew the actuality of loving some one beyond reason or control. As Horry loved Magda.

She had promised Peter to cut Horry off her list—never to see him again. Because what could poor wrecked Horry possibly mean in her life?

Well, she was going to see him, and do something to relieve what must be anguish, however self-inflicted. What were friends for if they couldn't walk in and comfort when tears took the place of laughter?

She got to her feet angrily, and jammed on her hat again. It wasn't really breaking a promise to Peter. Because she would cut Horry out of her life as a playmate or solace. But this one time—it was just decency, wasn't it? It is *only human*, Mr. Higgins, to respond to an emergency. . . .

Twenty minutes later she was bending over Horry's bed, shaking him.

"Can you sit up?" she begged. "Horry! It's me. Lili."

"Lili?"

He caught at her hand and turned over with great effort. There were marks around his lips, red-open,

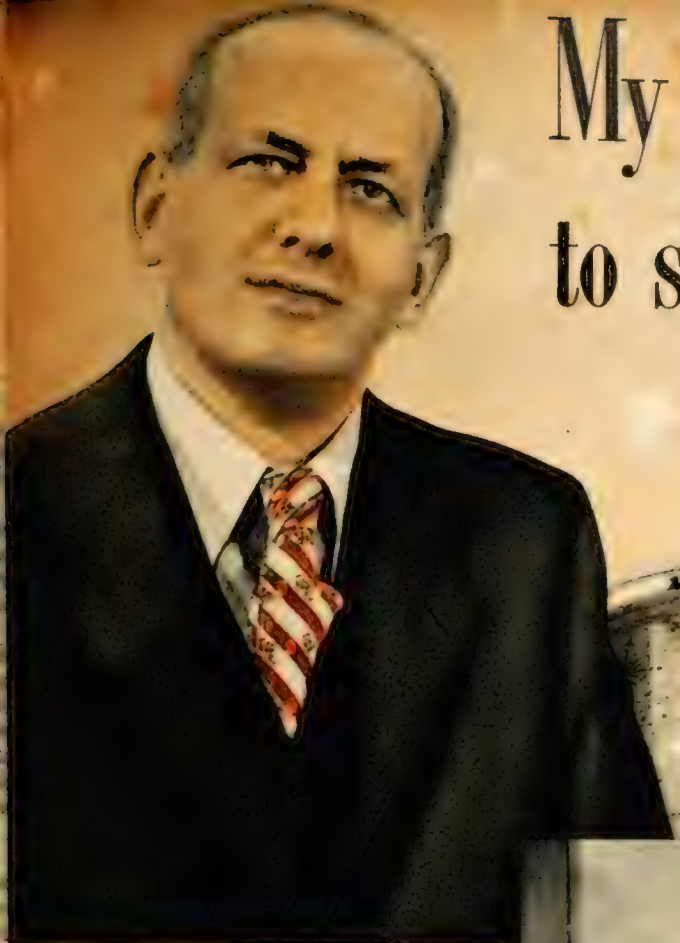
(*Continued on page 46*)

My guests expect a chance to say *make mine Wine*

writes well-known

Gabriel Heatter

of the Radio



Popular **Gabriel Heatter** gets about amazingly. His hobby is people, and when not on the air, he is likely to be foursoming on his favorite golf course in the Connecticut hills, fishing in Maine or Long Island or showing somebody the prize Scottish Terriers he raises at his Long Island home. No man in radio is better known as a genial host

"When people let up and enjoy themselves these days, most everyone prefers to stay on the moderate side"

"WHEN I'm the host nowadays," says Gabriel Heatter, "I make sure everybody gets an opportunity to follow his own preference in the matter of beverages.

"More and more I find that wine gets the call. It's partly that folks prefer to be moderate and partly because we're becoming partial to the delicate, satisfying taste of good wine."

As many hosts and hostesses know, this custom Gabriel Heatter follows is sweeping the country. Those who keep an eye on the wants and preferences of their guests are serving wine more and more often . . . giving every person at their parties an opportunity to choose wine.

It makes, they find, for the more moderate living people prefer in times like these. For a more leisurely kind of relaxation. Why don't you try it at your house?

QUICK GUIDE TO SERVING WINE

What wine as an appetizer?
Before dinner, or at the cocktail hour, serve *Sherry* — a mellow amber wine of nutlike flavor. Sherry is equally good alone or with appetizers. Serve Sherry in small glasses.

What wine with your meal?
The dry "table wines" go best with food — *Claret* or *Burgundy* (red wines) with steak or with roast of beef; *Sauterne, Chablis or Rhine* (white wines) with chicken, fish or other delicately flavored main dishes. Serve the white table wines well chilled.

What wine with refreshments?
"Sweet wines" like red rich *Port* or golden *Muscatel* (which carries the delicious flavor of Muscat grapes) are your best bets for casual entertaining. Such wines are ideal with wafers, cakes, cheeses, nuts or after-dinner coffee. Serve Port and Muscatel in cocktail-size portions.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA:

In discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict quality standards. You will find them true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

Be Considerate — Serve Wine

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

(*Continued from page 44*)
swollen. Lili glanced at the landlady and knelt quickly.

"Horry, what have you taken? What did you do?"

"I—don't—know."

"It smells—like—Horry, for heaven's sake, what did you swallow?"

His face twisted into a spasm and his reddened eyes rolled back. With one heavy-weighted gesture he pointed to the bathroom.

Mrs. Gibbs' bank-teller's voice droned:

"If you get a doctor—there'll be police and there'll be . . ."

"Shut up," said Lili.

HORRY'S bathroom was evidently partially his ice chest. It was hard to tell in the disarray what he had taken. Everything was open—tops off—eau de Cologne, listerine, shoe polish. . . . There was a can of cleaning fluid open, and it smelled. . . . There was a bottle of gin open, and it smelled. . . . In a glass was some liquid. Lili couldn't tell, from sheer nervousness, what it was—gin, cleaning fluid, or water.

"Have you given him anything?" she asked the landlady as she went back into the room.

"I tried to give him some cream."

"Try again. Could you do mashed potato? Could I, please, use your phone?"

She put through a call for Dr. Alberts, the head of the hospital near Croton, and while she waited for its completion she looked in the phone book and ordered from a drive-yourself renting service a car to be delivered at the door. She instructed the pale-faced Mrs. Gibbs to gather together as many blankets as she might spare, and if she hadn't hot-water bottles to get some from the nearest drugstore and fill them.

Dr. Alberts was not at the hospital. *Tsk, tsk,* Dr. Alberts, where are you at this hour? Or am I being like all the other creatures who must immediately misjudge? At any rate, here's hoping you are capable of some innocent hell-raising and that you're not at a bloody consultation. Yes, she would speak to the next in charge. . . .

"Did you—or have you heard of Miss Kettridge? Well, a friend of mine in New York is quite ill and would like to rest up in the country. . . . No, nothing serious, I'm sure," she hastened to add as the voice became forbidding. "Just perhaps a little too much celebrating when he was not really too well in the first place. Yes, I'll drive him out if you don't mind. I know it's an odd hour, but I'm sure Dr. Alberts would understand and approve if only I were able to talk to him. . . ."

Lili sighed when she hung up, and put her hand to her head. She felt inexplicably tired and ineffectual. Because the voice on the other end of the wire had considered her a raving fool. Because Old Sawyer would have considered her a raving fool had she called him, and would probably have done little or nothing to help. Because Peter—if he knew—would be shocked into forbidding silence if she should call him and explain where she was and what she intended doing. . . .

These thoughts hounded her, yet all the time she seemed to be moving and acting outside of herself. Some fatigued undercurrent told her that she was wrong, but her alter ego, which was in command, told her she was only wrong in the eyes of the world. It was not wrong to stand by a friend in need, even if he wasn't worth it; and Horry certainly wasn't.

All through the long hours that followed, that thought predominated. She was a fool—she was a damned fool—and everybody in the world would say so. But whether or no, she was that kind of person. . . .

The landlady helped Horry into the back seat of the car, and wrapped blankets around him—so glad to get rid of him that her last-minute kindness was lavish. Yet, just as Lili was about to pull away from the curb, the old woman reached through the front car door and grasped Lili's arm with the urgency of sudden honesty.

"He took something," she said, "while you were telephoning."

"What do you mean?"

"He took sleeping medicine, I think. He always does, you know."

"Why didn't you stop him?" Lili asked, turning fearfully to look at the prone figure in the back seat.

"I really didn't see him till he swallowed it. Maybe it's just as well. He won't give you any trouble while you're driving. Where are you going? You won't mention my name, will you? Are you going here in the city?"

Lili disengaged her arm and turned away from the frenzied face that flung questions at her. She was too tired to answer, and the old woman, guessing some of her contemptuous thoughts, stood back and watched Lili drive off.

THE traffic wasn't difficult, and once outside the city, Lili stopped and made some investigation in the back seat, probing her patient. Horry groaned. There was no other response to her questions or her prodding. He seemed to have fallen into the sort of comfortable position granted to idiots, and she left him as he was, with a tremulous sigh, and climbed back into the driver's seat.

It was long after two o'clock when she arrived at the hospital, and there her troubles began. Dr. Alberts was still not back. The place wouldn't accept a patient. They seemed to have endless rules, and the more they inquired, the more confused and tired Lili became. To her amazement, she discovered they realized instantly it was an attempted suicide, and an attempted suicide was some sort of crime comparable to murder. She explained as patiently as possible that her friend hadn't attempted suicide, but had merely swallowed something *by mistake.* What he had swallowed she couldn't say. Why couldn't they believe that *by mistake* plea? Evidently because she had brought him so far; one would naturally call a near-by doctor or hospital for a mere mistake.

She found the group enlarging, probably on her own insistence. There was a weary-eyed interne and a very pugnacious doctor from the emergency ward. They seemed to wish to know why Lili had driven her patient out of New York City, and they seemed to want to know all the circumstances.

"I don't know myself," Lili repeated over and over. "I'm just afraid. His name is Mulligan—Horace Mulligan—and he's the friend of a girl I know who just got married. I was telephoned at my hotel that he was ill. I brought him out here because I know Dr. Alberts. All of you concede he isn't badly off—I knew that somehow myself, and knew he'd want quiet—far away—for a few days. So what's so very wrong about any of it, except maybe the hour and the fact he's so full of luminal he can't talk to you himself? I don't see why any of it matters. All that really counts is that the man is ill and in pain, and you ought to do something for him."

IN spite of herself, the tears trickled down her face, and it was a very tired face and very pale. Perhaps the pathetic break of her fighting spirit and not her argument caused the hesitancy of her inquisitors, and sensing a moment of possible triumph, Lili gaspingly caught her breath and added:

"Please, if you would send for Dr. Alberts. He knows me."

"We all know you," the heavy-set doctor of the emergency ward snapped crisply. "At least, we know you by reputation, Miss Kettridge. Suppose we take a look at this guy. What's his name?"

Lili looked him straight in the eye and lied:

"I told you. Mulligan—Horace Mulligan."

The doctor nodded, signaled the interne, and the two men walked out. The telephone rang and the nurse answered it. Lili retired to a corner and with shaking fingers took out her first cigarette since midnight and lit it.

"That's not allowed." The nurse looked up icily.

Lili nodded and looked wildly around. Not finding any place for disposal, she pulled herself to her feet and went down the long corridor, toward the doorway. She was putting out her cigarette as they carried in Horry Rumford—registered as Mulligan. She watched with set lips as she heard him groan uproariously, and then she stood marveling as they went down the corridor, out of sight, at the way the two men managed him. Quite obviously Horry was coming out of his trance and was beginning to put up a fight.

For a long, long while she stood, half in and half out of the hospital, waiting for some one to come to her.

Then she went back to the main room to find the nurse dozing, her head on an elbow, down on her switchboard.

"Please—may I go now?" Lili asked.

Irritably the nurse roused herself.

"Hasn't the doctor come back?"

Lili shook her head.

"Are you paying the bills?"

"I will if necessary," Lili nodded.

"O. K.," said the nurse. "The doctors know you. I think you'd better wait for Dr. Alberts."

"I don't think I can," Lili said. "I've got to be at the airfield to meet my mother, who is landing from Europe this morning, and I haven't had any sleep."

The nurse regarded her glumly.

"All right," she said. "I guess we have your phone number. Pretty lucky they took him in."

"Yes," Lili agreed. "May I go now?"

"Sure," the nurse sighed, and opened a large ledger with a gesture of dismissal.

Back in the driver's seat, Lili squinted at the dawn. She remembered the little diner that Peter Higgins had once chosen for their supper, and she headed there purposefully. It seemed luck that it was open and that she could get hot coffee and a Western sandwich. The man behind the counter was very talkative and quite curious as to why she should be on hand at 5 A. M. for the Western sandwich that her boy friend had shown him how to make.

It never occurred to Lili to be guarded in her answers . . . or to suppose that what she said in the warm companionship of eggs, onions, and coffee at dawn would soon be held against her. . . .

SUSTAINED and refreshed, she drove to New York. She checked in her car, and found after she had paid for it that she hadn't enough money to take a taxi to her hotel; but she took a taxi anyway, because she was so tired, and because the doorman would surely pay the tariff for her.

In the lobby of her hotel she started straight for the desk to arrange for cashing a check. She stopped short as a figure rose with sudden purposefulness from a nearby divan.

"Peter!" she said, and blinked.

The tall young man pushed back his overcoat with a familiar gesture and put his hands on his hips.

"Where have you been?" he said.

"How long have you been here?" she parried, and looked around helplessly. Instinctively she reached out and touched his arm, more for the need of friendliness than anything else. Her thoughts were whirling madly, remembering the blissful evening of comradeship only a few hours ago, and painfully remembering her promise to have nothing to do with Horace Scapegoat Rumford.

"I came early, hoping I could take you out to breakfast," said Peter.

Whose day is TODAY?

TODAY may have a very special meaning for some one of your family or friends.

Maybe it's a birthday or an anniversary—a new baby or a new job—a school honor or a civic office.

Whatever the occasion, nothing could make today more important than your voice expressing your warm good wishes.

See how much pleasure you *give* and *get* from such a call.

"Oh, how nice of you," she said. "I—I'd love it. I—er—I just had a lovely brisk walk. It's such a beautiful day."

"Well"—Peter Higgins cleared his throat—"are you ready?"

Lili glanced desperately at the desk and turned resolutely away.

"Certainly I'm ready," she said. "Shall we go into the coffee shop, or have you a special place to breakfast?"

He smiled, took hold of her arm, and started for the revolving door.

"Do you always take your morning walk in high heels?" he asked. "And last night's costume?"

"Silly of me, isn't it?" Lili chattered. "I don't know—I just bounced out of bed and put the same things on."

And when the Higgins man didn't answer, she doubled her tracks to keep up with his stride and glanced at him from under the brim of her hat. Quite plainly he wasn't believing her, and it was better to change the subject and to talk quickly.

Lili prattled with high determination, walking the several blocks to the beanery that seemed to be Mr. Higgins' special restaurant. She talked all through a large breakfast, not daring to tell him she had already eaten a Western sandwich a couple of hours previously. Could he—but no, surely he couldn't—smell her onion breath by now?

He had called about the Clipper plane and it was due at 10 A. M. They lingered over their breakfast until quarter of nine, and then, rather grandly, Peter ordered a taxi and they drove to LaGuardia Field. Once there, Lili excused herself while Peter went to make inquiries. In the ladies' room she made as swift a morning toilet as possible. She felt exceedingly weary and was well aware of the deep shadows under her eyes. Not until a broadcasting voice resounded through the ladies' room, announcing the arrival of the Clipper ship, did she realize how long she was taking. Then, grabbing her gloves, she hastened through the door into the large rotunda, to find Peter Higgins waiting.

"WE'RE late," he snapped. "It's practically on the ground. Come on—let's hurry."

She caught his hand and they raced around the news counter, through the areaway, down the long steps, and out onto the airfield. Suddenly she heard her name called:

"Miss Kettridge!"

"Here's Miss Kettridge," Peter answered, and some attendant flung open a door, and Lili caught onto her hat in the sudden gust of wind. She was aware of a row of men, some standing, some kneeling, all with cameras raised, snapping her picture. She turned, confused, to Peter.

"They must be mad," she said, and laughed a little wildly. "Why aren't they taking pictures of the passengers? Look, look—there's mother!"

She started forward, but some one caught at her arm.

"How did you get Mr. Rumford to Croton?" a voice snapped at her.

"What made you call him Mr. Mulligan?" another demanded.

And Lili backed away from the gathering of strange faces and leaned against the wall of the airfield. She completely forgot the one glimpse of her mother, svelte, furred, as young in figure as a girl, as she climbed down the steps of the plane. Lili was concerned only with the hope of sudden disappearance—the fright of strange faces hurling questions at her. It wasn't only individuals now who thought the worst of her—it was a horde of strangers who wished her to explain why Mr. Rumford was Mr. Mulligan, hidden in a Croton hospital.

With what hope was left to her, she glanced up at Peter's face. She was so very grateful that he edged toward her protectively—a little in front of her as if to separate her from the reporters, his hand reaching out to take hers—that she even forgot the sudden spasm of anger that crossed his face.

"What in hell is this?" she heard him ask.

"We just want to know about Mr. Mulligan who says he isn't Mr. Mulligan," a reporter said. "He came to in a Croton hospital where Lili Kettridge had put him around dawn this morning. He came to and insisted he wasn't Mulligan, that's all, and he's been arrested for attempted suicide."

HE'S—what?" gasped Lili faintly. But nobody seemed to hear her.

"What does that make her?" another voice called.

"It makes her an accomplice, don't it? Or an accessory after the fact, or something."

A clear shrill voice, very high, very artificial, rather absurdly British, cut in on everybody, and Lili's face went up as if to a goal. That was her mother, breaking out of line, coming to her, and what was a mother for if she didn't appear suddenly when you were in trouble?

Lili pressed herself against the wall even tighter, and held Peter's hand even more hotly behind her coat. But her face was hopeful now, childishly so, as she watched her mother—half hearing, but wholly approving, wholly thankful. . . .

The woman was magnificent. She wasn't very old—she was absurdly young to have a daughter Lili's age. She was very, very beautiful and exquisitely made up and veiled. Yet she had just enough of the tatter about her to arouse interest—wonderful interest from the reporters, who suddenly decided to describe Mrs. Lillian Kettridge, who had just arrived on the Clipper from Lisbon with no luggage at all! Trust Lil. Other people might come with one suitcase, but Lil would come with no luggage at all, looking like a million dollars, except for a few tears, patches, runs in her stocking—on a very well molded leg—and a broken heel on her shoe. . . .

And Lillian could talk. She always could. And Lillian could focus the attention of the men about, be they photographers or writers. She always could. Lillian could take over the center of the stage; thank heaven for a mother like that, however seldom she showed up.

"Horace Rumford?" she said, and Lili squeezed Peter's fingers very tightly. "But of course Horace Rumford. That's why I came. Mulligan? How silly, how ridiculous, what a prank! For pity's sake, boys, isn't there enough going on in the world without making something of a young lovers' quarrel?"

LILI put out her arms as her mother came toward her. She lifted her face to be kissed—pressed her mother closely, hotly, so very, very appreciative.

"If you *must* know the horrible details"—Lillian Kettridge threw back her head—"we wanted to keep it a secret. You know, until I was here and could announce it properly. Things should be done according to Hoyle. But if you boys want to know, and if you want to make something of it, one of the reasons I have arrived—and my stay will be very brief—is to arrange for the announcement of the engagement of my daughter and Horace Rumford."

Lili gasped. That was going a little too far! That Peter's hand loosened its hold on hers assured her of that. Trust Lillian to go too far. She always did. But at that moment it was rather a relief. Was it always a relief to her husband—even when she went too far and left him?

"And I do think you might leave the whole business alone," Lillian Kettridge continued. "It's not important, you know. It's just a matter of routine—the engagement of Lili Kettridge to Horace Rumford. I'll give you all the details and a lot of photographs. But what I would *really* like to tell you about is the condition of the British Isles right now, and my experiences—my experiences, boys . . ."

She moved off, and somehow the reporters and photographers moved with her.

"My experiences waiting for four weeks in Lisbon for passage on the plane. Nobody knows . . ."

Her voice was still going on just beyond them, and Lili turned to look at Peter. But Peter wasn't looking at her. He had pulled the collar of his coat up around his neck and was thrusting his hands deep into the pockets. He turned and strode off through the crowd.

Will Mrs. Kettridge's subterfuge stop the scandal? And does Peter believe that Lili really is engaged to Horace? Fate—and her mother—take charge and Lili finds herself tightly wound in a web of deceit. Can she escape?

. . . and he says the same of me

"I, Budweiser, know him well. It was his Dad who brought us together years ago . . . and we've had respect for each other ever since. I've often heard him say there is no substitute for hard work but that wholesome recreation is a staunch partner of prolonged effort.

"His cool, patient judgment has a calming and reassuring effect upon all who share his confidence—and, if I do say it myself, I contribute to that result.

"As a host, he has enthusiasm for good foods and fine flavors. He prefers a beverage of moderation and says that I help to make his moments of relaxation complete.

"Such a man just naturally gets things done. I'm glad to be his friend . . . and he says the same of me."

Budweiser

PERFECT HOST
TO A HOST OF FRIENDS

ANHEUSER-BUSCH SAINT LOUIS

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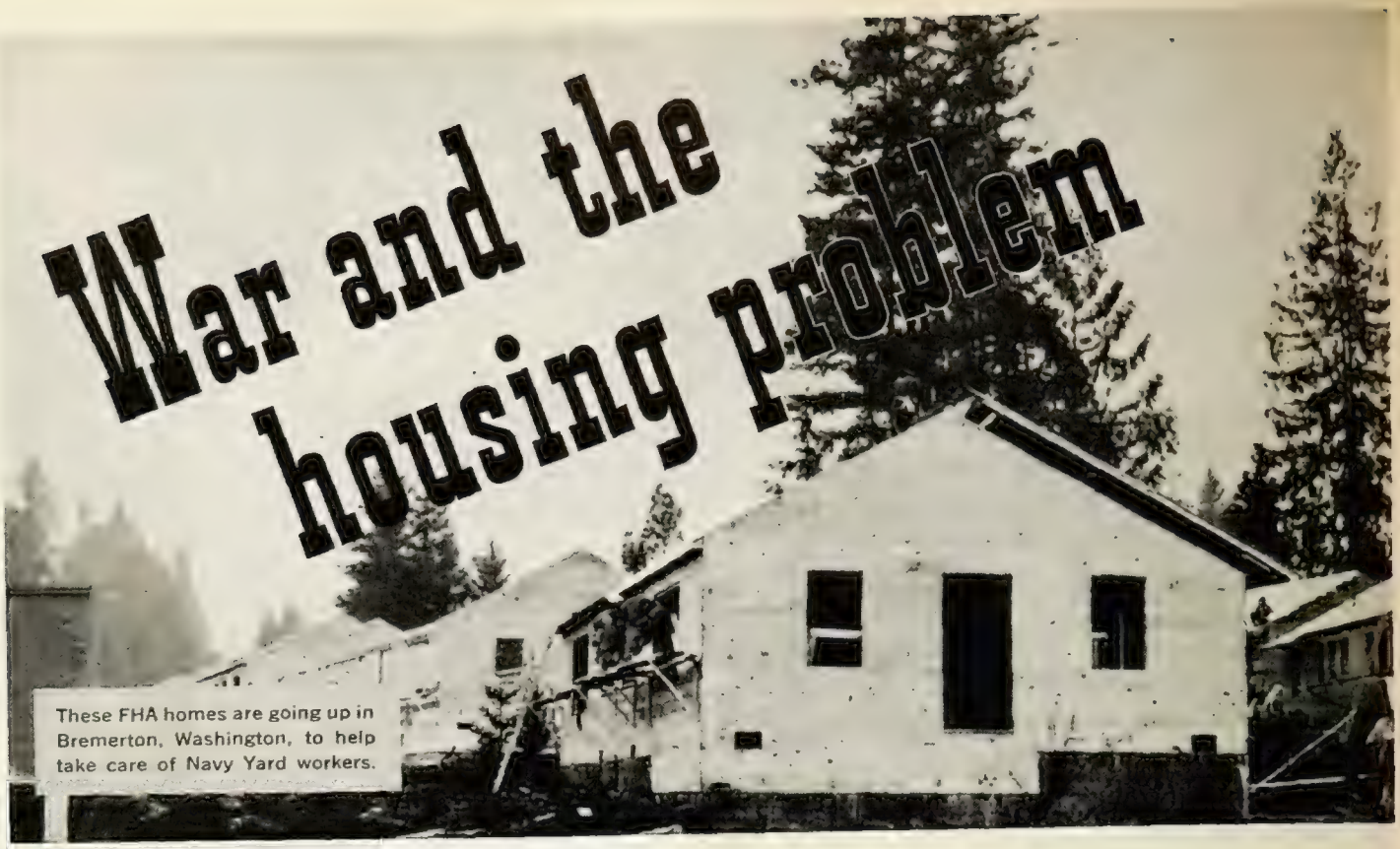
War and the housing problem



These FHA homes are going up in Bremerton, Washington, to help take care of Navy Yard workers.

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Ghost towns — or homes? Which will we get from our building for defense?

BY DOROTHY ROSENMAN

AMERICA is rushing to build up its defenses; as a result, there are communities swelling like gouty feet. Sixty-two hundred inhabitants of Radford, Virginia, watch 11,000 men build the Hercules Powder Company plant in which from 4,000 to 6,500 will work. Defense workers in Paso Robles, California, live in auto trailers. In San Diego, 50,000 new people absorb all vacancies within commuting distance and require additional housing. Twenty to thirty thousand people pour into Hampton Roads, Virginia, to work in the Navy Operating Base.

Rub your hands with glee because employment rises, but scratch your head hard at the housing problem which this very work creates. Machines must be housed, so factories are built. Machines must be worked by men and women. These men and women and their families must be housed, so homes must be built.

Hospitals, as well as homes, are overcrowded, and chicken pox, flu, etc., have full opportunity to grow into epidemics. Laborers, clerks, stenographers, and technicians travel miles to and from work each day because they can find accommodations no nearer. It is fatiguing and does not make for efficiency. It cannot go on; neither can 10,000 persons continue to huddle where 4,000 belong.

Our people have risen to face a defense emergency; obstacles are hurdled; hardships are endured; things hum. Those who make them hum must be adequately housed in properly planned communities, communities that will not waste into future blights and slums.

"Three hundred thousand homes for industrial defense workers required immediately," says the U. S. Defense Housing Co-ordinator. "Two and a half million new homes, exclusive of those for farm and defense operations, are needed to fill the immediate demands of the country," says the National Resources Planning Board. Take away the emergency and you still face the lack of 2,500,000 dwelling units to rehouse those families living in downtrodden old houses, shacks, and tenements. It's not a new problem; it's one that has been accumulating.

A nation that required 2,500,000 new homes—even before this new defense emergency—could absorb the 300,000 that it now requires for defense workers when the crisis is passed. It could, if those dwellings were constructed and located with this purpose of absorption in mind. And why should they not be?

Understand the problem, and understand that since the last war we have learned much about the mass production of housing units. In 1917 we had no public-housing experience or program; in 1917 we had not begun to recognize our peacetime housing needs; in 1917 we made many errors in building homes for the emergency. These errors proved expensive and wasteful.

Thoughts of future "ghost towns" now make us shudder. We had them after the last war, when the particular industries around which they had sprung shut down. It is not sensible to build more permanent housing than a community can absorb in normal times. This does not mean that we should build shacks. Removable or prefabricated houses are practical for this purpose. They can later be trekked to town, village, or farm in need of permanent housing.

Another practical solution is being made by the federal Farm Security Administration. Rural housing is notably sorry. FSA has been striving to replace thousands of decrepit insanitary farmhouses with adequate modern dwellings. With its well developed organization it has started (Radburn, Virginia) building new houses for new defense workers on farms within a radius of their work. The farm owner agrees to buy the house at a depreciated price and tear down his own old house when the defense tenant for whom the house was built is no longer needed in the community.

By these methods defense workers can be brought into new communities and they can be sheltered. The community suffers no housing afterpains. At the same time the permanent need for housing is being fulfilled.

Two and a half million families who need decent homes must serve as a constant reminder that the 300,000 units for defense workers should be built so that they can still be used after the emergency. There are few

cities in the United States that do not need to rehouse a large proportion of their population—the lower income groups that have inhabited old unfit homes.

This is an all-time need that can be well served by wise administration of the defense housing program. Homes built in or near cities with a housing problem can be planned for siphoning of slums and poor housing after the emergency.

"You cannot do that! Speed is necessary! To build for future use, much planning is necessary."

You can. A house and a community well planned is as quick to construct as a new slum. Experience has taught this.

"What experience?"

The experience of the United States Housing Authority, which has constructed defense housing in eighty-five days, and has in the last three years, through local housing authorities, built 514 large-scale construction units in all sections of the Union for the lowest income groups.

Robert Moses, the public-housing skeptic, said in his Liberty article of December 16, 1939, "The federal government can do little more than blaze the way to housing improvements." Trail blazing in itself is a contribution not to be belittled, especially when it has already built 162,000 low-rent housing units, which will house 572,000 people, in 236 different communities of the United States. Contrary to Mr. Moses' expectations, about 52 per cent of these projects have been on cleared slum sites, and 47 per cent have been built on vacant land, and will drain 572,000 people from poor housing.

Trail blazing—in lowering construction costs; in planning sites so that sun and light reach all apartments, and children have a place to play; in setting coverage and density standards so that our cities and the real-estate leaders have begun to think of land in more realistic and useful terms; in contributing an incentive to the rebuilding of neighborhoods of foreclosed and tax-delinquent properties.

Trail blazing in rebuilding human beings!

As a way of progress, this is an achievement; as a way of facilitating the mechanism of defense construction, it is a godsend, for experience is a great teacher.

The U. S. H. A. by February of this year were constructing 19,585 units for defense workers. In defense areas, houses being completed for the lowest income group are being turned over to defense workers; after the emergency they will be returned to the purpose for which they were built. In like manner, houses built by the government for the emergency should be constructed with the thought that after the emergency they should, wherever feasible, be turned over to the local housing authorities for the use of the low-income tenant.

Many sincere advocates of a public housing program, swept from their purpose by the surge of the spectacular emergency at hand, cry, "Build for the crisis now, and defer building for the lowest income group to the slack days that are bound to follow a resumption of normal times." The answer to that is that there will be plenty of bad housing left for public attention and to supply employment when that time comes. Since the over-all need is so great, it would be sensible to build these emergency houses not with abandon but with purpose—the purpose of using them for public housing later on.

There are, of course, those who say that the whole public housing program is wrong and should be scotched. It is argued that subsidized housing is costly. To those it must be said that no inexpensive wand waves in any other social improvements, like parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, or parkways. The taxpayer pays heavily and gets value received. Eradication of slums—rural or urban—will not be accomplished by wishful thinking or fairy wands, or bad words aimed at so-called social uplifters. It will cost the U. S. H. A. the net sum of $11,840,000 or seventy-three dollars a family a year to subsidize these homes.

Granting all that public housing has accomplished, there are those, like Mr. Moses, who search for other reasons for condemning it. It does not cure all of our social problems or

Western Union's mobile (trailer) office in Charlestown, Indiana, is equipped with sleeping facilities for employees.

HE MAY LIVE IN YOUR HOUSE

89,428 Pipe Smokers are still missing!

Among hard-to-please pipe smokers a high percentage naturally enthuse about BOND STREET. Applying this percentage we know that about 89,428 pipe-smoking readers of this magazine—for whom BOND STREET is a "natural"—still have this grand discovery to make.

So come out of hiding—and *try* BOND STREET!

It contains *a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in a popular price mixture.* Rich-tasting, bite-free—leaves no tobacco odor in the room—*even the ladies approve.*

Try it—today! Only 15¢.

the political ones either. He wonders about color washing out; he wonders about it, not in respect to the pools and parks under his jurisdiction, but in respect to public housing.

Of course prejudice against the Negro has not been eradicated by housing projects—and will not be. But over the country different communities have tried to meet the problems in various ways. In New York City there are Harlem River Housing Project, which is all Negro; Red Hook Housing Project, which has 2,502 white families and 31 Negro families; Jamaica Housing Project, with 312 Negro families and 135 white families—all living peacefully.

NO solution to the complex economic problems that beset this country, as well as the world, is found in public housing. But an attempt and a beginning is made to better the way of life of those of the lowest income group. Should wages rise so that the wide discrepancy is eliminated between what the human market seeks for housing and what it can afford to pay, then subsidies can also be eliminated.

Subsidized housing is not expected to compete with that constructed by private funds. It is, and should continue to be, erected for those families whose income is so low that they can afford to pay so little for rent that to build for them is unprofitable and presently impossible.

However, both in the defense and low-cost housing market there is an important role for private enterprise. It cannot construct for the lowest of low-wage earners, but it can build for those just above that level who are still within that "one third of a nation ill-housed," if it were willing to build for investment rather than speculation. The market cries for attention.

Investors are not answering the call. Speculators are. And who holds the bag? Government at one end, and the man of little income and uncertain security at the other. In the defense crisis private enterprise is being encouraged to construct homes. The Federal Housing Administration guarantees 80 per cent, and it is now proposed that they shall guarantee 90 per cent of the investment. The great business entrepreneur whose risks are thus rendered nil usually bolsters his chances against a loss still further by refusing to rent his houses. The defense worker's job may be temporary, but he must buy his home. There is no assurance of profit to the great real-estate entrepreneur after the emergency is over, so he up and runs—with the loot.

Private enterprise must face this issue squarely. So must government. There is plenty of real investment money to be had. Where investment is warranted, it should be urged to invest; where private investment is not warranted, government must spend public moneys to bring the necessities of living to those who need them—both in times and conditions of emergency and in normal days.

Fancy cupboards of money piled in banks and insurance companies, ready to pour forth at the slightest encouragement! Read Mr. Moses' plea for "the only possible solution of the financing problem"—to have loaning agencies supply cheap money to stimulate construction of houses; and get thrilled thinking that he, too, has found the way to set the ball rolling. Unfortunately, Mr. Moses, since writing these words, has experienced the pangs of disappointment in working with insurance companies and banks in an attempt to build limited-dividend houses. This redounds not to Mr. Moses' discredit but to that of those institutions so rock-bound by tradition that their boards of directors can but bewail the passing of an era and contribute nothing to the foundation of its successor.

Whether there be a crisis or not, a democracy must provide the necessities of life for its people. Housing is such a necessity that private enterprise and government must marshal their forces to provide adequate homes.

Let us therefore plan our defense housing—both that built by the government and that built by private enterprise—so that it can fit into the larger permanent program in the days to come, to house that third of the nation now living in housing below the American standard of life.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Ethel Barrymore.

2—Her husband insisted she perform this ride before he would agree to lighten the taxes he had imposed on his tenants.

3—The National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D. C., donated to the government by the late Andrew Mellon.

4—The letter "Q" is not on the dial.

5—Their first name, in each case, is James.

6—June 23. In olden days in England, summer began on May 1, and June 23 was thus the middle of summer.

7—This is a disease which rots rye and wheat.

8—South American missionaries, seeing in the flower's curious shape certain symbols of the Crucifixion, bestowed the name.

9—No. Formerly it was made by a distillation of rum and bay leaves. Now rum is not used in the mixture.

10—Basketball, softball, baseball, football, and boxing, in that order of popularity.

11—No. It was named after Clifford M. Holland, who began the work.

12—In the book of Genesis, Pharaoh, acting on advice of Joseph, obtains a monopoly on food. The people finally come to him and plead: "Buy us and our land for bread, and we and our land will be servants unto Pharaoh."

13—In 1919 Commander A. C. Read and crew of the United States navy flew from Newfoundland to Lisbon, Portugal, via the Azores.

14—Asparagus.

15—They are being exported to England, where flashlights are found especially helpful in the blackouts.

16—Red.

17—In Revolutionary days a Delaware army officer claimed that blue hens always produced the best chickens. His regiment became known as the Blue Hen's Chickens. The name spread to all residents of the state.

18—Oxygen and nitrogen.

19—He slept in a tub.

20—President Roosevelt's "campaign hat"—which he had given to Jean Hersholt—was recently auctioned off for that sum in Hollywood. The money went to charity.

See America! the Air Way

Fourth of a series . . A lively, eye-opening guide to vacation joys in 1941

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ON New York City's famous Forty-second Street, across from its equally famous Grand Central Terminal, rises a six-story granite and marble building which matches in beauty and elegance, if not in size, its as yet better known vis-à-vis.

The new structure's architectural lines are much more modern, however, in keeping with the strictly modern purpose for which it was built. For here—first time in the heart of a great city—we have a Union Station of the Air.

The Airlines Terminal, as it is called, has no train shed. That need is supplied, in the grand manner, by sky-ceilinged $42,000,000 La Guardia Field, thirty-five minutes away. But it has thirty-six clocks, twenty-two microphones, six "levelators," two escalators, one bar, and one newsreel theater!

In its beauty and completeness it stands as a monument to the pioneers who have made the present peacetime air industry possible.

"Air transport," said one of them, "is in long trousers now."

Yes, we are in the Flying Forties. This Union Station in New York's Pershing Square and the similar structure already in prospect for Chicago are evidences of that fact. And there are two other evidences, equally convincing. Over 3,000,000 passengers flew more than a billion miles in 1940. This year, when so many other travel lanes are closed to holiday pleasure, probably 4,000,000 will travel far more than a billion miles over America's airways.

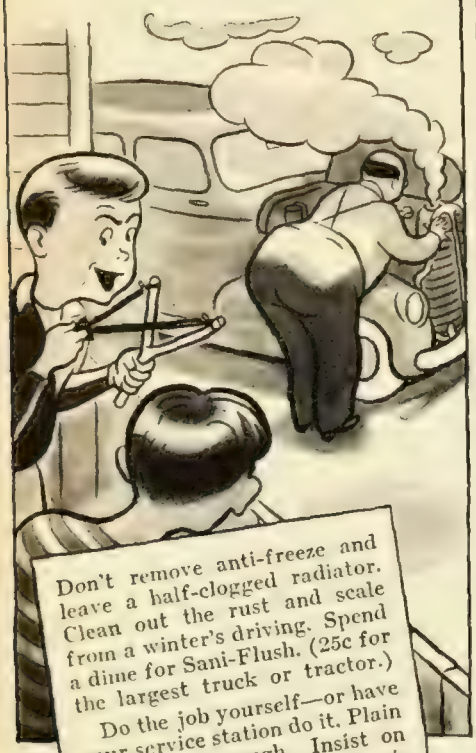
Certainly, more of us than ever before will go on flying vacations this summer—and since there is sure to be a bigger demand for airplane seats than there are seats to be had, we had better be making our plans pronto.

Ten years ago an air-line map of the United States looked like an 1870 railroad map or a 1905 automobile road map. A few scattered, straggling, usually unconnected black lines were all that marred the virgin purity of the page. Today a map showing the seventeen major United States air lines which serve directly nearly 300 American cities presents a web so closely drawn that it might have been woven by a most industrious spider.

Yet the rate of growth in the case of the air industry has not been as rapid as it was in the case of those two other types of transportation, the railroad and the steamboat, for reasons that were more or less inherent in the industry itself.

It was natural, after the first fear passed, for people to accept improved methods of travel on land, even on water. Riding on air was something

IT'S SPRING! IF HE DOESN'T CLEAN OUT HIS RADIATOR WITH SANI-FLUSH— I'M GOING TO LET HIM HAVE IT!



Don't remove anti-freeze and leave a half-clogged radiator. Clean out the rust and scale from a winter's driving. Spend a dime for Sani-Flush. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

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they might have envisaged in their imagination but had never done, never even thought seriously of doing.

In the case of the airplane, the fear that lingered, that still lingers in some people's minds, was threefold: fear of danger, fear of cost, fear of discomfort.

The first of these fears was, of course, the most serious and, in spite of a remarkable record for safety which is the wonder of the whole transportation world, it is probably the most lasting. The victory which the air lines have at last won over it is due in part to important improvements in the science of flying—such as, for instance, the radio beam—but even more to the courage with which they have faced the situation and, by widespread advertising, have acquainted the public with the many safeguards against danger which have long existed.

Of course accidents still happen in air travel, just as they always have happened and probably always will happen in all kinds of transportation—even pedestrianism!—but the public generally has learned to attach no more importance to them than they do to other forms of mischance. Decreasing fear has come with increasing knowledge.

The feeling that only the gilded rich could fly was, in the beginning, a more justifiable one. But as the number of air-line passengers went up, the price of air-line tickets went down. Today they cost less than half of what they did ten years ago.

To make a fair answer as to the cost of air travel as compared with other methods of transportation, we must consider the cost of meals, tips, special accommodations and other expenses incident to surface travel, which are "money saved" when we fly, and the saving in living expenses because of fewer days and nights "on the road." Consider all these things, and we discover that air travel costs no more than the fastest first-class transportation on the ground.

THE third fear—that of discomfort while traveling at a height of 8,000 feet above the earth—was, curiously enough, the most difficult for the air companies to combat. It could not be disproved scientifically or statistically. Moreover, experiences of actual travel *by some one else* would not convince the person who had always been seasick that he would not also be airsick, or the person who had always felt giddy in elevators or on the upper stories of high buildings that he would not feel the same, or worse, above the clouds.

As for the expected vertigo from mere altitude, it just couldn't be, because, once a plane is in the air, there is no feeling of height, for the very good reason that there is nothing to measure height by. But in the beginning the atmosphere in airplane cabins was inclined to be stuffy. Also the noise of the engines was raucous and wearing; ear stoppers were as essential to air travel as tickets.

Today, in the big new sky liners, both of these evils have been banished: air in an air cabin is as cool and clean and refreshing as the air outside, and the noise of the engines, if heard at all, has been soundproofed down to the merest murmur.

There are probably a few people in the world who will always be airsick. But the actual records show that the sum total of all passengers who become airsick from any cause, real or imaginary, is less than three in a thousand.

FOR these and other reasons, the cabin of an air liner is just about the most comfortable place on earth—or, rather, not on earth, which is one thing that contributes mightily to its comfort. Having no contact with anything more solid than air, flying is the nearest thing to vibrationless travel that mortals are ever likely to experience.

The modern "sky clubs" are luxuriously appointed. The big roomy cushioned armchairs of the transcontinental airplane are the last word in comfort. And they ought to be—they cost above $400 apiece!

As for the services which contribute so much to the pleasure of travel by air, they are personified, and to a large extent performed, by the airplane's gift to mankind—that charming young woman, the sky-club stewardess. Picked for poise as well as pulchritude, Miss Stewardess not only knows all the answers but all the questions as well. She is the expert you can't stump!

Want to read? Ask the stewardess for your favorite magazine. Want to write? The stewardess has a complete kit with stationery. Need a pick-you-up? The stewardess will mix you an effervescent drink or bring you an aspirin tablet. (She is usually a registered nurse along with all her other virtues.) How about a snack between meals? The stewardess will serve you a taste-teaser from the snack kitchen. Want to snooze a bit? The stewardess will bring you a pillow and rug.

And can she serve a tasty meal?

Oh, boy! Full course dinners with all the trimmings! And this is a point to remember—all meals are free!

She can also make beds. The stewardess, I mean. Regular beds, too, for regular people. Six feet five inches long. The beds, I mean.

Those $400 chairs, when tilted back, served well enough for a night's rest. Many passengers still prefer them. But the airmen recalled that it was an old American habit, sleeping in bed, and so invented the sky sleeper, complete with upper and lower berths and capacious dressing and undressing rooms in the rear of the plane. So now, in your twin-size bed, you can sleep your way across the country—go to bed in New York, wake up in California.

Which brings us to what is, for

most of us vacationers with limited holidays, the greatest of the many boons of wings—speed.

You can see more and do more in your few vacation weeks when you travel by air. And you can add days to your vacation—extra days to spend where you want to be instead of in traveling.

Entirely new kinds of vacations are possible, too. If we travel by air, no point is far away. Limited time need not limit our travels. All America becomes our vacation land.

Just think what that means!

It is something new and wonderful for the New Yorker or Baltimorean or Washingtonian to know that he can spend his entire vacation in any of the National Parks, and be there tomorrow. Or that, if he doesn't wish to stay put, he can visit different pleasure resorts on different days with almost no lost motion in between.

No matter where in this great country you decide to go, you can be there in hours—at most, overnight. With just a little more time to spare, you can be in Rio, Honolulu, or Manila.

YET, although air travel is synonymous with speed, paradoxically it is the most leisurely form of travel. You call the air-lines office on the phone and make your reservation. You ride to the airport in your own car or in a limousine furnished by the company. Your heavy baggage has already gone ahead of you by air express or railway express (the companies will attend to that for you if you wish). You haven't a care on your mind.

At the airport you get into the big plane. You carry no baggage at all or, if it is to be a night trip, a small overnight bag. If you have forgotten that, the companies will furnish you with a complete kit with their compliments. If your plane is a sleeper, your seat is assigned to you. If not, you choose your own. You settle back on one of those comfortable chairs, and you're a mile high and going strong before you know it. And in a few hours you step out at your destination, rested, clean, refreshed, exhilarated.

Which line shall it be?

Well, that depends on many considerations, chiefly, of course, on where you want to go. Of the five great lines which use the new Union Station of the Air in New York, three—to list them alphabetically: American Airlines, TWA, and United Air Lines—are transcontinental. One, Eastern, although comparable in length of route with the other three, runs north and south and crisscross through the country east of Chicago and New Orleans. And one, the Pan American, charts the southern half of the Western Hemisphere and spans the Atlantic and Pacific.

Out of Chicago run the Northwest Airlines and the Chicago & Southern, which cover the territories suggested by their names, and the Braniff Airways, which serve, with their connections, the South and Southwest. Other lines from other centers complete the close-drawn web which covers the entire country. There are seventeen major companies in all, and each is vitally important in its own home section.

I have personally used all but one of the lines mentioned and several others—for example, Western Air Express and Continental Airlines—and have found the service uniformly good and reliable. I am also directly informed that standards are impeccably high on Boston-Maine Airways, Delta Airlines, Inland Air Lines, Mid-Continent Airlines, Pennsylvania-Central Airlines, and Trans-Canadian Air Lines. From all of which it may be gathered that you cannot go far wrong on any of these major lines.

If you are planning a vacation in your own section of the country, you will know best how to get in touch with the air line closest to you. But if you are in doubt as to the line which would best take you to more distant points, the thing to do is to write, not to one company, but to several, tell them where you wish to go—or that you don't know where you wish to go!—and ask them for descriptive literature and other help.

A letter to any of the five companies using the Airlines Terminal, Pershing Square, New York, will reach its destination promptly if sent to that address. All of the transcontinental lines and many of the others also have offices in Chicago and, of course, at all of their Southern, Midwestern, and Far Western terminals, where your inquiries will receive prompt attention.

Street addresses are not necessary. Everybody knows the air lines!

By return mail you will receive maps, timetables, rate cards, and a wealth of descriptive literature describing not only the line's own service but the vacation country over which it travels. Thus you will see at a glance how best to get to your favorite spot—be it Sun Valley, Idaho, or Mexico City, or Yellowstone Park, or Hollywood, or a dude ranch, or one of Minnesota's ten thousand lakes—and you will see also just how much, or rather how little, it will cost to get there and back.

WHILE you are about it, you may wish to write also to the railroads and bus lines which operate in the same territories. It is often possible to combine air travel for the long hauls with connecting side trips by rail or highway, or vice versa. The air lines themselves recognize this possibility. So do the railroads and bus lines.

The ideal thing is to have the literature of all three modes of travel spread out before you when you plan your trip.

Some wonderful combinations can be effected that might not occur to you otherwise.

THE END

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Senator Burke Praises Hitler And Nazi Rule

Nebraska Democrat, Back From Europe, Calls Him 'GreaterThanBismarck'; Justifies Sudeten Stand

...nator Edward ...

Reynolds Bids U.S. Stop Hating Dictatorships

Declares We Knock Hitler, Mussolini and Every One Else Who Differs With Us

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2 (AP).—Senator Robert R. Reynolds, Democrat,

remember this, that Prime Minis... Neville Chamberlain ... in histor... statesme... complish... ment."

Senator ... beaming e... he found ... the constr... under the ... asked if he ... of the statu...

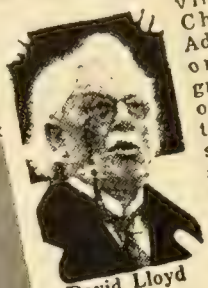
"In the th... ing to bring ... th... ntire C... e is gre... has d...

Hitler 'Greatest Man,' Says Lloyd George

(Havas-N. Y. News Wireless)

London, Sept. 21.—David Lloyd George, British wartime Prime Minister returned from Germany today convinced that Chancellor Adolf Hitler is one of the greatest men of modern times. Also he strongly favors an Anglo-Franco-German understanding to prevent too close a union between the Reich and Italy, persons close to the Welsh statesman asserted here tonight.

He described Hitler as "one of the greatest of the many great men I have ever met. I have never seen a happier people than the Germans," he said, adding



David Lloyd George

CASTLE ASKS STEP TO 'APPEASEMENT'

State Department Aide to Hoover Says Bloom Bill Would Mean Dictator

DECRIES 'THIS WAR SPIRIT'

Asserts at Da... Government ... This Natio...

HANOVER, N. H... William R. Castle ... of State in the Hoov... tion, said today that ... duty of our governmen... appeasement."

ENGLAND REFUSES TO ACT ON RHINE

Sees No Peril to Peace, but Warns Germany She'll Aid France if Attacked

APPEASEMENT

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

Borah Says Reich Rearming May Assure Peace Abroad

U. S. Should Keep Out, He Says; Our Worst Worry Is at Home

Copyright, 1938, by the Associated Press

WASHINGTON, March 25.—Senator Borah, who has specialized in international affairs during a long career, predicted today that there be no European war within near future.

The Idahoan, who was for many years' Republican chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, forecast that even if there was a European conflict, America would keep out of it.

In an interview, Mr. Borah suggested that the rearming Germany might, instead of bring... war, lead to a more peaceful Eu... rope.

The interview, in which the Id... hoan turned an experienced e...

Simon Declares Reich Rearming Vital to Peace

Sir John Tells Commons Equality Should Not Be Resisted by Powers

GALLERY IS CROWDED

Briton Advocates Co-operation in Working Out French-German Agreement

LONDON, Feb. 6 (AP).—Germany's claim to equality of rights in armaments could not and should not be resisted, Sir John Simon, Foreign

BORAH ASKS TRADE WITH JAPAN GO ON

Senator Urges Maintaining of Normal Relations After the Pact Expires Jan. 26

INTERESTS OF PEACE CITED

Grew's Judgment in Talks in Tokyo Praised—Views Made Known to Lumber Group

...to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

...NGTON, Dec. 24—All ... efforts should ... son... main... after... that ... expir..., Sena... of Idaho ... United States ... abrogation of ... Senator Bor... a telegram to ... tle, representi... lumbermen w... apprehension t...

Britain Held Uninvolved in Asia Dispute

Eden Informs Commons Treaties Bind Nation to No Commitments

To Shun League Action

Decides, However, to Delay Anglo-Japanese Talks

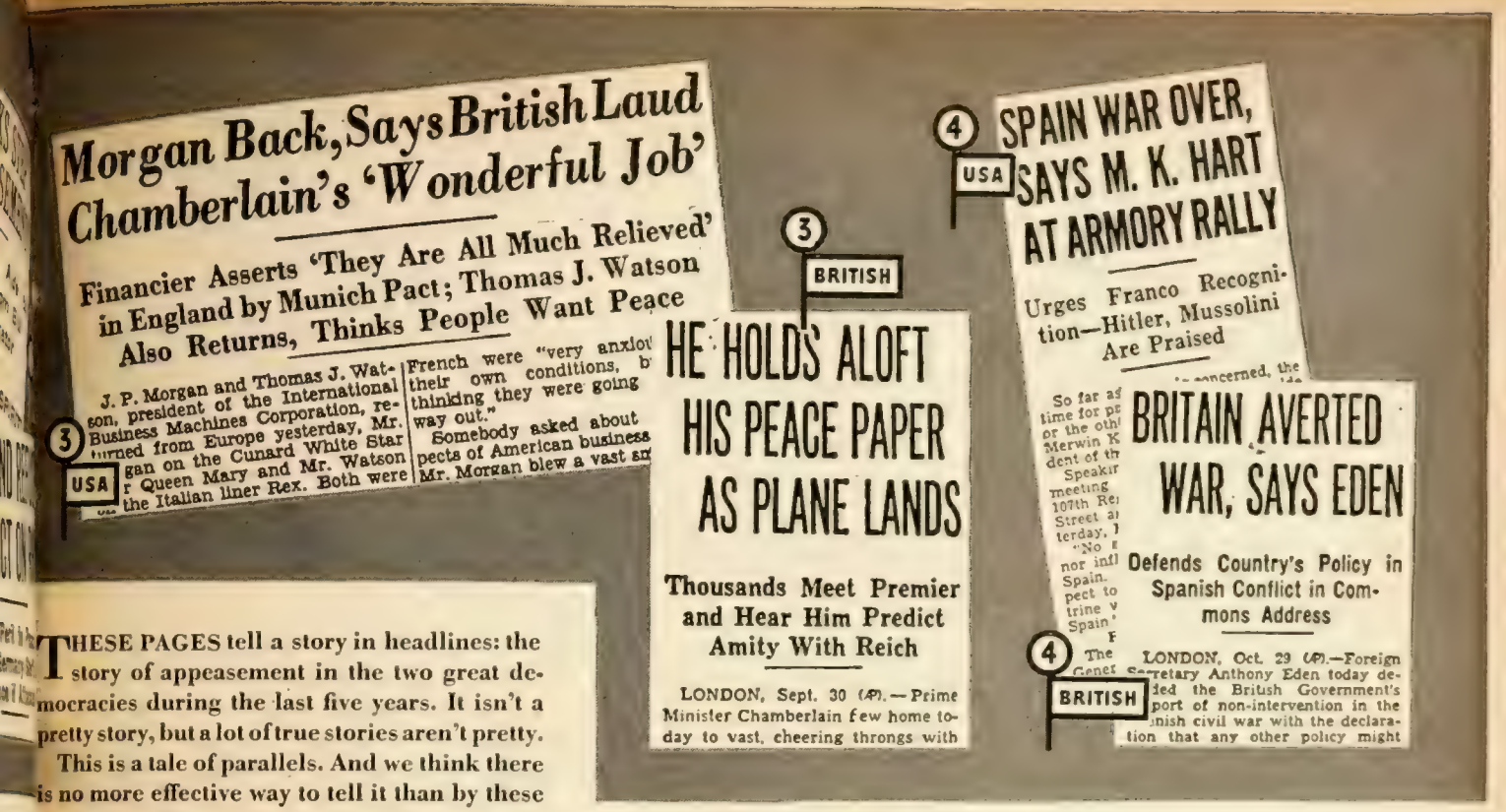
From the Herald Tribune Bureau

...right, 1937, New York Tribune Inc.

...DON, July 21.—Foreign Sec... Anthony Eden today informed ...ouse of Commons that in thr... t disput... orth China the ...is "not involved ...governm...

Fish Approves Rule by Japan Over East Asia

Speaking at Fair, He Asks U.S. to Recognize Tokio's Claims and Recall Troops



Morgan Back, Says British Laud Chamberlain's 'Wonderful Job'

Financier Asserts 'They Are All Much Relieved' in England by Munich Pact; Thomas J. Watson Also Returns, Thinks People Want Peace

J. P. Morgan and Thomas J. Watson, president of the International Business Machines Corporation, returned from Europe yesterday, Mr. Morgan on the Cunard White Star liner Queen Mary and Mr. Watson on the Italian liner Rex. Both were

French were "very anxiou their own conditions, b thinking they were going way out."

Somebody asked about pects of American business Mr. Morgan blew a vast am

3 USA

3 BRITISH

HE HOLDS ALOFT HIS PEACE PAPER AS PLANE LANDS

Thousands Meet Premier and Hear Him Predict Amity With Reich

LONDON, Sept. 30 (AP).—Prime Minister Chamberlain few home today to vast, cheering throngs with

4 USA

SPAIN WAR OVER, SAYS M. K. HART AT ARMORY RALLY

Urges Franco Recognition—Hitler, Mussolini Are Praised

So far as time for pr or the oth Merwin K dent of th Speakir meeting 107th Re Street a terday, "No nor infl Spain. pect to trine v Spain' The Genet

4 BRITISH

BRITAIN AVERTED WAR, SAYS EDEN

Defends Country's Policy in Spanish Conflict in Commons Address

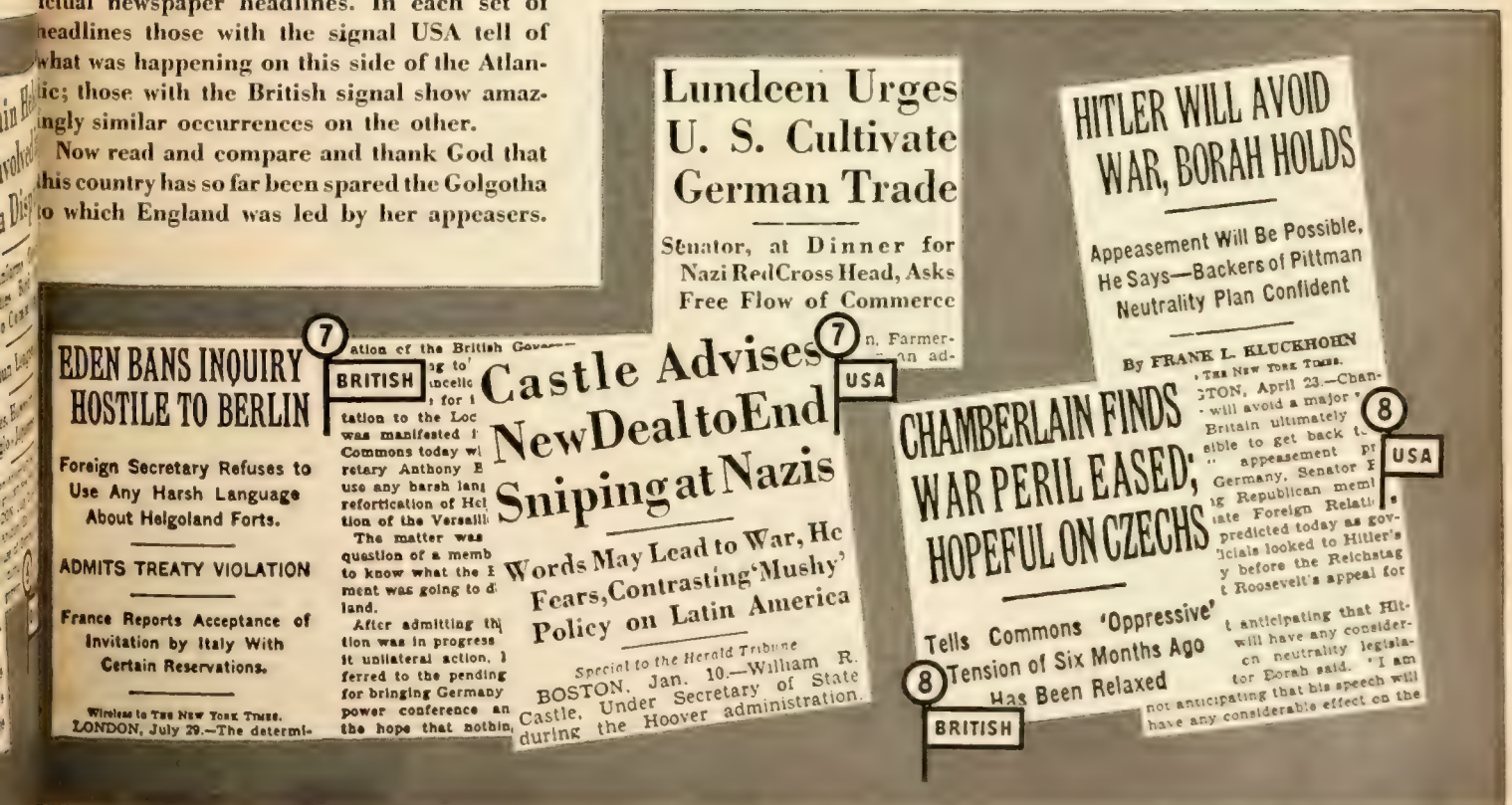
LONDON, Oct. 29 (AP).—Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden today de- ded the British Government's port of non-intervention in the nish civil war with the declara- tion that any other policy might

England & America

THESE PAGES tell a story in headlines: the story of appeasement in the two great democracies during the last five years. It isn't a pretty story, but a lot of true stories aren't pretty.

This is a tale of parallels. And we think there is no more effective way to tell it than by these actual newspaper headlines. In each set of headlines those with the signal USA tell of what was happening on this side of the Atlantic; those with the British signal show amazingly similar occurrences on the other.

Now read and compare and thank God that this country has so far been spared the Golgotha to which England was led by her appeasers.



Lundeen Urges U. S. Cultivate German Trade

Senator, at Dinner for Nazi Red Cross Head, Asks Free Flow of Commerce

n. Farmer- an ad-

HITLER WILL AVOID WAR, BORAH HOLDS

Appeasement Will Be Possible, He Says—Backers of Pittman Neutrality Plan Confident

By FRANK L. KLUCKHOHN

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

TON, April 23.—Chan- will avoid a major Britain ultimately eible to get back t appeasement pr Germany, Senator F g Republican mem ate Foreign Relati predicted today as gov- icials looked to Hitler's y before the Reichstag t Roosevelt's appeal for

t anticipating that Hit- will have any consider- on neutrality legisla- tor Borah said. "I am not anticipating that his speech will have any considerable effect on the

7 BRITISH

EDEN BANS INQUIRY HOSTILE TO BERLIN

Foreign Secretary Refuses to Use Any Harsh Language About Helgoland Forts.

ADMITS TREATY VIOLATION

France Reports Acceptance of Invitation by Italy With Certain Reservations.

Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, July 29.—The determi-

ation of the British Gover- g to' ncelle for t tation to the Loc was manifested i Commons today wi retary Anthony E use any harsh lang refortification of Hel tion of the Versaill The matter was question of a memb to know what the E ment was going to d land.

After admitting th tion was in progress it unilateral action, ferred to the pending for bringing Germany power conference an the hope that nothin

7 USA

Castle Advises New Deal to End Sniping at Nazis

Words May Lead to War, He Fears, Contrasting 'Mushy' Policy on Latin America

Special to the Herald Tribune

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—William R. Castle, Under Secretary of State during the Hoover administration.

8 USA

CHAMBERLAIN FINDS WAR PERIL EASED; HOPEFUL ON CZECHS

Tells Commons 'Oppressive' Tension of Six Months Ago Has Been Relaxed

8 BRITISH

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

How Clark Gable created a new

Filmdom's sapient man of magic scores again! Here's the surprising inside story

HEDY the Headache!"

That's what they called her around the old Vine Street trading post.

"Sure, she's a looker," the wise boys said, "but movin' pitchers are movin' pitchers. A dame can't just go on lookin'. She's gotter move."

The boys had the right idea. The most beautiful woman in the world—and there are a lot of people who are quite willing to admit that Hedwig Eva Maria Kiesler Mandl Markey Lamarr is just that!—needs at least two facial expressions. In fact, the possession of two expressions has been a Hollywood minimum requirement for a maximum movie salary.

But Hedy appeared to think she could get by with a full stop. All she had to do, she apparently told herself, was to go right on playing Ecstasy with her clothes on—which was a sad underrating of some of the qualities which had made that torrid European number a box-office wow.

Which really isn't fair to Hedy—to whom, being male, I would love to be fair!—because she *has* another expression. In fact, the thing that made Extase the hit of European critical circles and the anathema of American women's clubs was not the fact that Hedy Kiesler went in swimming *au naturel*, but that when she was supposed to be suffering a fate worse than death, she seemed to enjoy it.

That was Hedy's other expression—her Public Expression Number One—but Holy Hollywood just wouldn't let her use it. So she was forced to fall back on the baby stare.

However, Hedy, being about the most pulchritudinous starer who had matriculated at Cinema University since David Griffith inducted Biograph Mary, did all right for a while. She got by once—and how!—in Walter Wanger's picture, Algiers. Masculine America fell as one man—and a sizable portion of feminine America reached for the hair dye.

Most of the great movie beauties had been blondes of sorts, but here was new goods, a new style. Winchell called her Hedy Lamarr-velous. Columbia seniors not only chose her as their favorite companion for a desert island but started out to find more desert isles to conquer.

Hedy, sultry, hypnotic, passionate, was the biggest one-picture hit in Hollywood history.

But in the movies, as the boys were saying, "you gotter move." And when Hedy pulled the same beautiful-but-dumb stare that had slain Charles Boyer in Algiers—that and nothing else—first in a picture with Taylor and then in one with the long-suffering Tracy, the verdict was darned near unanimous that as a steady diet she was cinematically terrible.

It was then that they began calling the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, or in the world if you say so, "Hedy the Headache."

And now look at her!

The last three pictures in which she has appeared may well be the biggest box-office trio of the year.

And what has happened?

That man Gable is here again—that's what has happened.

First in Boom Town, then in Comrade X—especially in Comrade X—he did the biggest salvaging job of his long career as first aid to sinking ladies.

He put Hedy Lamarr across.

Not that Hedy herself hadn't worked hard against almost unbelievable obstacles to attain this result. Five nights a week for over a year she went to the movies as regularly as a child to school. And for the same reason. Her object was not so much to increase her fund of Americanese as to watch the lips of English-speaking actors. Even now she spends every spare moment listening to the radio in her campaign to master both the formal diction of the announcers and the colloquial intonations of the actors. All this in addition to the daily lessons with teachers of English and of voice culture in the American manner. Probably no girl in Hollywood has worked harder for her success these last four years than the apparently indifferent and hard-boiled Hedy.

Which is all the more remarkable since she was born to great luxury, married even greater, and, with her beauty, need never have turned over her lovely hand to earn a living.

Most of the exotic beauties imported from Europe claim either that they were working behind a department-store counter when "discovered" by some one—usually a Stiller or a Reinhardt—or that they were born to royalty once or twice removed. Both stories were promptly circulated about the Ecstasy Girl before she had gotten through refusing to pose for a leg picture for the steamship cameramen. Neither was true, and she never said that it was, but it *is* true that Emil Kiesler, her father, was a director of one of the biggest banks in Vienna and the possessor of important money.

Hedwig went through the usual routine motions of the poor little rich girl, but they didn't take. So she ran away from a fashionable boarding school to get her first job as an assistant script girl at the Sascha studios, attracted the attention of Gustav Machety, famous Viennese director, who, after giving her screen experience in one or two minor films, cast her as the heroine of what he intended to be his masterpiece, the picture we know as Ecstasy.

Since then Hedy has been reported variously as saying to American fan magazines that she was very young at the time—which she was—and didn't realize what she was supposed to do until too late; that European artistic standards are different—which they are—and a lot of other things, none of which she probably ever said, because she isn't the alibi sort, and if she had been, she was so thoroughly gagged upon her arrival in this country that she wouldn't have had a chance to say anything about her pre-Louis B. Mayer period.

The fact is that she made the pic-

Gable and the beautiful Hedy in a scene from their riotous success, Comrade X.

Hedy Lamarr

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

ture, that she went in swimming nude, that she came out to find her clothes gone in the teeth of an itinerant pony and that she ran nude through a not-too-dense forest in search of them; that she was seen by a young engineer who supposedly, according to the plot of the story, took her to his cabin and made such red-hot love to her that the expression on her face, not the scene at the ol' swimmin' hole, was probably what suggested the changing of the title from the reasonably innocuous Symphony of Love to the highly provocative Ecstasy.

All of which need not concern us very much at this late date, and probably would never have concerned the Hays office—since the picture was obviously not for the American market and might never have been released here in a deeply censored version—if it hadn't been for the fact that Fritz Mandl, the enormously rich husband whom Hedy subsequently married, became so self-conscious or husband-conscious about his wife running around that way before a lot of people that he tried, without success, to buy up all the copies of the film.

"Mandl," according to one who knew him and his now famous wife when they were intimates of the once all-powerful master of the Austrian Heimwehr, Vice-Chancellor Prince von Starhemberg, "was one of the four munitions kings of the world." Mandl was the youngest of the Big Four, fabulously wealthy, and accustomed to getting everything he wanted.

He had gotten Hedy; saw her while she was working in one of Reinhardt's stage plays and swept her back to Vienna to preside over his magnificent establishment.

"We lived in splendor," Miss Lamarr has said recently in speaking of her contentment with more modest surroundings in Hollywood. "We served dinners on gold plate to ambassadors and foreign secretaries, but they always talked of munitions."

Frankly, Hedy was bored. So she ran away from her "gilded cage" just as she had done from her fashionable boarding school. Bob Ritchie, Hollywood's European talent scout extraordinary, found her in London and introduced her to Louis B. Mayer. Hedy's next stop was New York. But somewhere along the way she had lost her original name, Kiesler, and her married name, Mandl, and had become plain—but not so plain—Hedy Lamarr.

Famed as a modern amalgam of Sodom and Gomorrah, no place can be more ostentatiously or snootily censorious than Hollywood. Home of leg art, it immediately decided in its primmest manner to have no truck with this most famous exponent of that art. A pair of swim trunks and a bra—that was one thing, or at most two—but the "altogether" was another thing entirely, and Hedy was not allowed to forget it. Aside from the Basil Rathbones and Ronald Colman and their friend, Reggie Gardiner—the British actor who became her guide, philosopher, and night-club beau—few of the so-called elite left cards.

But to them that are "box office," all things are forgiven.

After Algiers, Miss Lamarr found herself invited to parties given by Hollywood's most militant immaculates, including wives who had nothing but the usual crop of divorces and highly publicized love affairs to endanger the morality clause in their contracts. Even Louella Parsons stopped calling her the "Kiesler woman" and began gushing "Hedy" all over the syndicated place.

Bright days were apparently dawning for Hedy. Ecstasy was far behind her. Or was it just ahead?

She was sitting one day around a festive board—at least, this is the story we have been asked to believe—with the producer of Algiers, Walter Wanger and his bride-to-be, Joan Bennett, and the ever faithful Reggie, when in walked Gene Markey, king of men. Gene used to be a writer like such ordinary folk as Booth Tarkington and Somerset Maugham and Homer, but now he has risen to the eminence of being a producer, than which—in Hollywood—there is no than whicher.

"Who is that so charming man?" asked Hedy.

"Oh, that?" laughed Joan. "That's Gene Markey. I used to be married to him."

Now Hedy used to be married to him. The marriage, which made Gene Markey the most envied man in the Occidental world, lasted about eighteen months.

Perhaps it was nobody's fault. A Hollywood producer's life is a busy one, and Hedy was fairly busy, too, making and remaking and making again one picture that never was any good anyhow and seeing another, which was little better, turn out to be a box-office flop.

It was about time that something came along as big as Boom Town, as joyous as Comrade X, to spread a little real sunshine on the Hollywood hilltop where Hedy lives and has her beautiful being. It was a glad day for her and for the public when she met up with Gable and his grin!

"Old Doctor Gable" is what they call *him* around the Vine Street trading post. And with every good reason. For he has spent most of his crowded Hollywood years administer-

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THEY RING TRUE

ing first aid at the cinematic bedsides of aspiring or expiring female stars —mostly expiring.

Some of his first patients—whom he acquired when his methods were largely chiropractic—have been treated so often for falling stardom that his ministrations are now only temporarily effective. Even Gable can't raise the dead! But their places on his visiting list have been taken by new cases of retarded histrionic development, like Hedy Lamarr's.

The Lamarr case was probably the hardest he had ever been asked to tackle, not because Hedy was the worst actress on the studio star list, because she certainly isn't, but because she had become, in little more than a year, its best known actress and its greatest disappointment.

And for the strangest reason!

The whole plot of Algiers hung on the impression created by the first glimpse of her beauty. It had to be made believable that Charles Boyer, as the apache criminal living in the Casbah, would unhesitatingly face death just for the pleasure of seeing her again. And the camera must make the audience feel that the sacrifice was worth while and inevitable. That unforgettable close-up was the making of Hedy Lamarr, and her undoing.

It was inconceivable that plot after plot could be turned out by the Hollywood factory hands which would hang on one glimpse of sheer beauty. Hedy Lamarr, if she were to pack them in at the theaters picture after picture and year after year, must start all over again, and put her success as well as her failures behind her.

Or somebody had to do it for her. Hence, Gable.

Clark had to make people forget how good she had been in Algiers as well as how bad she had been in Lady of the Tropics and I Take This Woman. He had to create, or at least to discover, a completely new Hedy Lamarr, and that he has done so, no one will now gainsay.

THE fact that she suffered a slight relapse into placidity with delightful Jimmy Stewart in Come Live with Me, which was intrinsically an excellent picture, simply proves our point. Gentle, ingratiating Jim was not the man for Hedy any more than the great Tracy was. The studio knows what it's doing when it teams her again, as it is about to do after she finishes helping to glorify Ziegfeld Girl, with the one man who has what it takes to take the headache out of Hedy.

It's a gift. Call it personality, if you will. I call it acting. I have been calling it that for ten years now and there are a lot of pretty fair critics who have come to agree with me.

"There was a tendency last year," wrote one such, following a recent return date with Gone with the Wind, "to scoff at Clark Gable's acting as Rhett because the part suited the actor's personality so ideally. But on reconsideration I perceive that we were wrong about Mr. Gable.

"This is acting, and extremely able acting. Mr. Gable lifts every scene he appears in: in a word, the guy is good."

There are plenty of scene stealers in Hollywood, not so many scene lifters!

Gable has been picking up scenes in Hollywood for a decade, and along with the scenes and the shows he has carried a cargo of feminine dead weight that would have sunk a less sturdy craft—or craftsman—and he always steers his ship to port.

NOW, it wouldn't make sense to ascribe the success of Boom Town —last year's biggest money picture—to the presence of Hedy Lamarr in the cast or, for that matter, exclusively to Gable's. Claudette Colbert did wonders with her not too generous role of the too forgiving wife, and Spencer Tracy came through with a fine performance.

As a matter of fact, Hedy wasn't very good in Boom Town. In some of her scenes, especially with Tracy, she was pretty awful. The fact that she was also awful pretty wouldn't have saved her, any more than it had in her two previous stare-'em-downs, if it hadn't been for her scenes with Gable. These scenes somehow took on an electric character which woke us all up, including Hedy. Not that Clark Gable is a better actor than Spencer Tracy. But as a "hotter-up" of feminine pulchritude into something very close to histrionic effectiveness Tracy isn't in Doc Gable's class.

That is Clark's special gift, I think; he fires the spark felt around the world.

There were moments in Boom Town when Hedy was all lit up with it, and in Comrade X when she fairly exploded with the heat.

The result, of course, is no Eleanora Duse, but a screen actress of sufficient flexibility to make the roles she plays seem decently plausible. That is all that could be expected of one so beautiful, and for most folks is an acceptable substitute for histrionic brilliance. As George Jean Nathan said not so long ago in these pages:

"When all is said and done, there are not many things in the theater or motion pictures that can beat the box-office value of good-looking women, and if they have sex appeal to boot, you can pretty well dust off the S. R. O. sign. It is as true today, moreover, as it was yesterday. People didn't go to hear Lillian Russell sing or to watch her act, because there were dozens of women who could sing or act twenty times better; they went to look at her. Nor do people go in these later days to see Hedy Lamarr because of any tremendous histrionic virtuosity; they go to get a kick out of her beauty."

So, Hedy—with Clark Gable and George Nathan both in the house—that about makes it unanimous!

THE END

Baseball's Topsy Grows up

The saga of softball's swift rise from zero to 20,000,000 players

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I FELT kind of silly standing there at the plate with a bat that seemed ridiculously small, facing a pitcher holding a ball that looked ridiculously large, and so close it seemed as if I could reach out and poke him with a long left. It was my first appearance in a softball game under the "new" rules, and the players were all prominent enough in their respective fields to be rated on the program as "celebrities." But from their playing it was evident their respective fields had nothing to do with the ball fields.

And when the pitcher, who happened to be the late Heywood Broun, held the ball up for my inspection, as if it were a prize cantaloupe and he a headwaiter, and then served it up to me with an underhand lob, I felt sillier still. When it floated temptingly up to me and I took a healthy swipe at it, only to miss it by a foot, I felt like a darn fool. But when the same thing happened twice more and I struck out, I was burning, though I covered my feelings with a sickly grin and went over to hide behind the bat boy.

Not long after my humiliation, I saw Babe Ruth in exactly the same spot! There he was at bat against the same softball team, and there was Heywood Broun in the box. They were playing in Madison Square Garden. In an earlier inning the Babe had got hold of one and slammed it way up in the galleries. It was a home run. And why not? Wasn't that Babe Ruth?

But now, with the Babe up, Broun gave way to one Hardy Brownell. The Babe took that famous stance of his. Brownell with a languid underhand pitch sent the ball past him like a rifleshot. The Babe nearly broke his back swinging, but he was way too late. Then twice more he shattered the air for strikes. The mighty Babe had struck out! He will never know how comforting his discomfiture was to my morale.

Strike-outs are the rule rather than the exception in softball. In fact, though the game is an offshoot of baseball and much like it, what few differences there are make a big difference between the two games.

The softball bat is 38 inches long and not thicker than 2⅛ inches; the ball is not less than 11⅞ nor more than 12⅛ around and weighs not less than 6 nor more than 6¾ ounces. The baseball bat is 42 inches long and no thicker than 2¾ inches; and the ball is between 9 and 9¼ inches in circumference, weighing between 5 and 5¼ ounces.

The softball diamond is much smaller, the distance between bases being 60 feet and from the pitcher's box to the home plate 43 feet, as compared to 90 feet and 60 feet 6 inches respectively in the hard-ball game. A regular baseball game is nine innings, a softball game seven innings. Nine men make up a baseball team but ten are used in softball, the extra man playing "long-stop" or "shortfield," between the infield and the outfield.

In softball you may not leave a base in an attempt to steal until the ball *actually has left the pitcher's hand;* if you do you are automatically out. Hence the pitcher never has to waste time trying to catch a runner off base. Just before he starts his wind-up he is required to come to a full stop, facing the batsman with the ball held in both hands in front of the body and with both feet resting squarely on the ground and in contact with the pitcher's plate, for not less than one second before taking one hand off the ball. Unless he does this, it is an "illegal pitch" and base runners, if any, may advance one base and a "ball" is called in favor of the batsman.

The pitcher dominates the game in softball. A no-hit no-run game is no rarity. There were eight such games in the national championship tournament, which is softball's World Series, in Detroit last year. This

BY JACK DEMPSEY
SPORTS EDITOR OF LIBERTY

tournament is held annually early in September, and state and district champions from all over the country, about sixty men's teams and fifty women's, take part in it. The final winner is acclaimed the world's champion. Some of these games draw crowds as big as 30,000.

The hero of last year's tournament was "Shifty" Gears, who pitched the Kodak Parks of Rochester, New York, to a thrilling victory over the Bendix Brake team of South Bend, Indiana, in the final game for the world's championship. Shifty had started by shutting out the New Hampshire champions in the first round 16 to 0, and followed this with a 1-to-0 shutout of the District of Columbia team. He mowed down the Connecticut, Toledo, and Buffalo champions, whitewashing them all, pitching a no-hitter against Toledo.

Meanwhile the Bendix boys were cutting a wide swath on their own account, and when they faced Shifty and his Kodak Parkers standing room was at a premium. For six innings they battled desperately, and then came the seventh. Those Bendix boys were demons with the mace, but they had been able to get only a couple of hits off Gears. He set them down without a score. In the Kodaks' half of the inning he worked the Bendix pitcher for a pass. A sacrifice sent him to second, and then, on the only hit made by his team, Gears scored the one run of the game and the Kodak Parks became world's softball champions for the second time, being the only men's team to gain the world's title twice. And they had gone through the entire tournament without being scored on.

It was in the fourth national championship, held in Chicago in 1936, that Shifty and the Rochester team gained their first world's title. In their opening game Shifty struck out the first fifteen batters to face him. In the next, against the champions of Maryland, he fanned twenty men, and then he shut out the champions of Chicago, 1 to 0, and the Westport All-Stars from Connecticut, 12 to 0. In the final game he outdid himself.

AGAINST the Waever-Wall team from Cleveland, Shifty continued his sparkling work, and when the Clevelanders went into their last inning the score was 2 to 0 against them. He quickly disposed of the first two batters, and then—well, he nodded; for in a jiffy there were two hits whammed off him and, with two men on and the best hitter of the team up, he was in a tight spot. But he shot over two strikes and then whizzed another one up, only to have a sizzler hit right back at him, too hot to handle. It looked like a safe hit, bound to bring in two runs to tie the score. But a lad named Kremble, at second base, dove at the ball, snapped it up, and in one streamlined play landed on second base to put out the runner coming from first. And Shifty Gears and the Kodaks had their first world's title.

Women take naturally to softball. The small size of the playing field is what makes the game suitable for them. In the women's game the distance from the pitcher's box to the catcher is only 35 feet. And in baseball, the long throws from third base to first and from home plate to second are too much for the average girl athlete.

But the women's game is every bit as strenuous as the men's, and if the crowds they draw are any criterion, it's more interesting. They play with as much skill and speed as the men. The Arizona Ramblers, from Phoenix, won the women's world's championship at Detroit last year by defeating the Koch Furniture team of Cleveland by a score of 10 to 3 in the final game. The Ramblers had battled their way through to the finals by beating Lansing 2-0, Bendix 8-2, Oklahoma 2-0, and St. Paul 4-0.

SOME of the great women players are Dorothy (Dot) Underwood, formerly manager of the Num Num Girls of Cleveland, a scintillating aggregation which included "Mushball" Mary Skorish, the best woman softball pitcher of her time, Vera Vining, another brilliant pitcher, and Frieda "Toni" Sivona, the best all-around star of the game today. Frieda is called the "Lady Babe Ruth." She can stop, catch, and throw with even the best men players. In the 1937 World Series in Chicago, she caught one of Toronto's Bobby Rosenfeld's pitches right on the nose and knocked the ball over 400 feet, reckoned to be the farthest a softball ever was batted by man or woman in a regular game. These girls were the only team to win two world championships in succession, in 1936-37. Pitchers Vining and Skorish chalked up *two* no-hit no-runners *apiece* in the 1937 series.

Although men's and women's teams occasionally played against each other some years ago, "mixed" games have gone into the discard. Men are shy of competing with the girls—afraid of bumping or spiking them.

Some writers maintain that softball is the Topsy of baseball and "just growed" out of the regular game. But, so far as I've been able to discover, it was originated by George W. Hancock, member of the Farragut Boat Club of Chicago. According to the Indoor Baseball Guide, published in 1906, in 1887 members of that club had assembled in the gymnasium hall on Thanksgiving Day and an old boxing glove was carelessly tossed around the room. One of the boys took up a broom and batted the glove back to a thrower, when Hancock exclaimed, "Say, boys, let's play ball!"

A huge wrestling mat was hauled out to serve as a diamond and a lively game was played, the broom handle serving as the bat and the boxing glove as the ball. It proved great fun, and at the conclusion Mr. Hancock gathered the members around him and unfolded the plan which had occurred to him. Then he worked out a set of rules, made up a large soft ball, procured a small bat, and the game of indoor baseball was created. At an organization meeting in Chicago in 1932, the name softball, suggested back in 1923 by Walter L. Hakanson, a leader of the sport in Colorado, was chosen as the official name.

In 1934 a Joint Rules Committee got up a standardized set of rules. With minor changes, they have stood ever since. At that time there were several so-called national organizations claiming jurisdiction over the game. Today general recognition is given to the Amateur Softball Association of America. Its affiliation with the A. A. U. placed it in the great family of American amateur sports-governing bodies.

There are more than 20,000,000 active players. The game is played all over the United States and Canada, and, according to Wilbur Landis, president of the A. S. A. A., more than 300,000 teams are members of his organization. These teams represent state, or metropolitan districts, the latter comprising cities of 500,000 or more population. New York has its State District, metropolitan district (New York City), and metropolitan Buffalo district. Each district is presided over by a commissioner. James McCahill is commissioner of the Metropolitan New York District.

"WE divide the districts into four divisions," McCahill told me; "the Industrial, Club, Fraternal, and Labor Divisions. The divisions form leagues consisting of from six to ten clubs. Each club pays dues of $1.50. Clubs that are unattached are formed into leagues also, and take whatever names they want. Where admissions are charged, the club pays dues of $10.

"Softball is continuing to grow immensely. It thrives after dark. The fields are so small and compact it is easy and cheap to light them. Teams in Miami, St. Louis, and other cities play to crowds that far outrival in numbers anything seen in the average big-league baseball games."

Despite this tremendous public interest, softball has remained essentially amateur. George Sisler, one-time manager of the St. Louis Browns, is about the only one who has been successful with a professional league.

Mostly, the Industrial and the Labor Leaguers are sponsored, principally for advertising purposes, by the concerns of which the players are employees. The wise employer appears to have sensed the value of the game as an antidote for troubles between labor and capital. It is much more advanced in the Middle West than it is in the East. Recently an officer of the Marine Corps told me he was organizing softball in the Corps.

THE END

White smoke started streaming out, and that meant either his radiator or glycol tank had been hit.

Yankee Eagle Over London

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

BY PILOT OFFICER GENE TOBIN EAGLE SQUADRON, R. A. F., AS TOLD TO ROBERT LOW

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

An American takes you into the heart of history's greatest battle in the sky

IT was cold and dark. I had only been asleep twenty minutes, or so it seemed. But some one was shaking me.

"I say, old boy, better wake up."

Through a mist of weariness I heard the voice of "Dogs" Dundas, the veteran pilot of our squadron. I pretended I couldn't hear him, but he was insistent.

"I say, old boy, you really must pull yourself together."

More shaking. It was no use—I opened both eyes and there was Dogs in an old bathrobe, yawning.

"What's the idea? Why do I have to get up at this ungodly hour?" I demanded.

Through another yawn he answered:

"I'm not quite sure, old boy, but they say there's an invasion on, or something."

I jumped out of bed in a hurry. Invasion—or something. What does it take to get an Englishman really excited, I wondered. Of course we didn't know then that September 15, 1940, was going to go down as the biggest day in the history of the Royal Air Force; that never before had so many planes filled the sky in aerial combat; that more than 500 planes would be zooming and diving in the fighting over London.

We were on the field before dawn, and as day broke we "scrambled" to patrol the London area. For an hour and a half we flew over the city at a great height, watching for "bandits" below us. But finally Operations came through with the message you never get tired of hearing:

"Hello, Sorbo leader. If not engaged with enemy—pancake"—that means land, which we did.

We refueled and then stretched out on the grass beside the planes to get a few minutes' rest. We had been doing these metropolitan patrols for ten days from dawn to dusk. Lots of German bombers had come over the coast day after day, been turned back when they saw our fighter patrols.

Our squadron was itching for a battle and, boy, did we get it the very next scramble!

We went up to about 20,000 feet,

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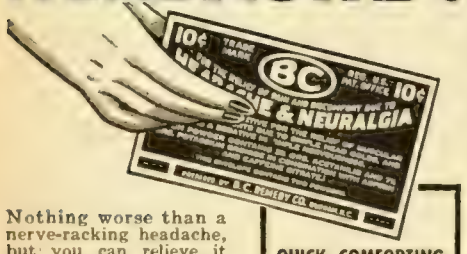
FIRST AID FOR THAT HEADACHE!



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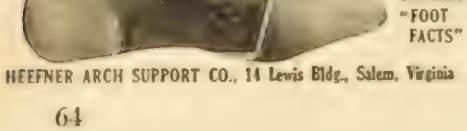


HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORT CO., 14 Lewis Bldg., Salem, Virginia

right over the heart of London, and Operations called:

"Climb to twenty-five thousand and maintain patrol."

We got up to 25,000. Then they put us down to 20,000 again. This went on for about half an hour, up and down, up and down, and then, all of a sudden, we saw them. There were about 100 in that group.

Then the squadron leader called in that slow Oxford drawl of his, "Many, many bandits at seven o'clock." That didn't make me any happier, because it meant they were behind us, and I was portraying my usual role of "Rear End Charlie," weaving back and forth to protect the tail.

At the same time Dogs, who was leading Andy's section, hollered, "Many, many bandits at four o'clock!" And that meant they were practically surrounding us.

I looked up, and right over our heads, about 3,000 or 4,000 feet above, were about fifty 109s. Off to our right and below us about 1,000 feet were more than twenty-five Dornier 215s, the new German high-speed bomber. I saw Frank was getting ready to attack.

"O. K., Charlie, come on in," he called to me.

Just as I started to close in with my section I decided: I think I'll have one more look.

So I swung away off to the left and was just swinging back again on the last weave when practically dead astern I saw three yellow-nosed Messerschmitt 109s, the hot shots of the German Air Force, Göring's ace squadron. I could see that they each had one of us picked out—Frank, number two, and myself.

LOUD enough to be heard somewhere out in Kansas, I shouted over the radio:

"Danger, red section, danger, danger, danger!"

Then I broke away as fast as I could. Later I discovered that Frank had spotted them about the same time and switched his radio over to "send," shouting the same thing.

Frank broke off to the right and down in the direction of the layer of bombers beneath us. Number two did a tight left climbing turn, and that was the last of those two I saw until I got home.

Personally, I did a steep 360-degree turn. As I spun round I threw on the emergency boost, slammed the propeller into high pitch.

I knew those 109s were coming down so fast they wouldn't be able to pull out of their dive in time to shoot at me if I stayed where I was. So I kept on chasing my own tail just as hard as I could.

And I figured it right. Down they went past me at about 400 miles an hour.

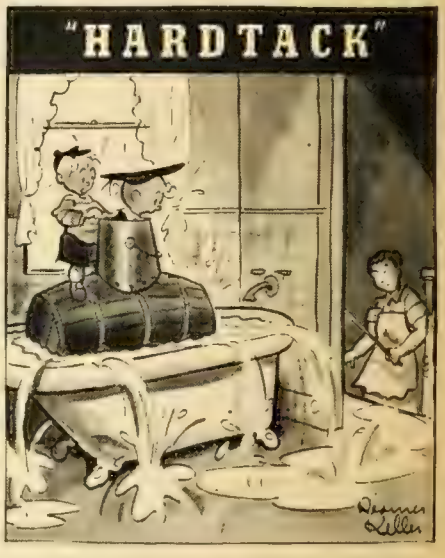
And now I was on their tail, according to the Tobin plan. I knew they were trying to make for the cloud on our right, so I figured this was the time to fire. I gave the rear aircraft a long burst and I saw smoke pouring out of his motor as he disappeared into the clouds.

I immediately broke off to my left and up, so that I would not be an easy target for any aircraft coming down on my tail, and climbed with full throttle, weaving to beat hell. In fact, I had a headache from the violent motion. When you weave at 275 miles an hour or better, you really know you're weaving.

Then I saw something that wasn't pleasant. A Spitfire about 200 yards away was spinning down on my left. The whole front of the motor, including the cockpit, was just a mass of flames. That's how quick it happens.

Like a fool, I sat there, circling round, trying to figure out who it might be. Later I learned it was one of my best friends. And what a guy he was! About six feet two and one of the best-looking fellows I've ever seen. He had a rosy complexion, a big set of white teeth, blond wavy hair, and a perfect English accent. His name was Jeff.

Anyway, after Jeff's kite disappeared into the cloud, leaving a trail of black smoke behind it, I spied



"Oh-oh! Get ready to submerge!"

a big Dornier 215 in a shallow dive, trying to make for the cloud, too.

I kicked the bus around and after him we went, closing in fast. That's one thing about a Spitfire—all you have to do is think about it and she'll do it for you.

The Dornier was approaching that cloud and I knew I'd have to get him before he disappeared. So I pushed the button and gave him a long burst. The line of tracer showed the bullets pouring into his left motor.

White smoke started streaming out, and that meant either his radiator or glycol tank had been hit. I moved the ship a bit so that his left wing was right in the bull's-eye and sawed off his aileron. Part of the wing fluttered off and he disappeared into the cloud.

I broke off to my left a little and

then came back on my original course, just in case some one was on my tail. Just as I shot out of the cloud I saw the Dornier make a crash landing in a field. The crew got out, three of them, and sat down on the good wing, sort of dazed. Then two Hurricanes came along, circled round and started diving on them, not firing, just worrying them to death.

I'm not sure whether that was my Dornier or another which had crashed in a field about a quarter of a mile away. There was also a wrecked Messerschmitt 110 in the same field.

A mile away a Spitfire and a Hurricane were down in the same field. But the white billowy folds of two parachutes near by showed that their pilots were safe. Crashed planes were a dime a dozen. Wherever you looked between London and the coast, there were cracked-up airplanes.

I climbed up again to 10,000 feet to hunt for my squadron. Above me a bunch of Spitfires were getting together in formation. But before I could get up to them I saw the white tracer bullets of a German fighter go whizzing past my left wing. A squarehead on my tail, I thought.

I broke away to the right and went into a tight climbing turn to get above him. When the nose swung round, I had a chance to see what was going on, and I found that the tracer wasn't meant for me, after all. About 2,000 feet overhead a Spitfire and a Messerschmitt 109 were dogfighting. The German's fire was missing him and pouring down a lot closer to me.

It was quite a show. Once in a while the German would loose off with the two cannons in his wings and they would blink like a couple of rabbit's eyes. Cute as can be until one of the shells screams past your cowling. Then you move out of the way fast, just as I did.

BY the time I climbed above the two fighting planes, the Spitfire had sent the German down in a long sickening spin and the air was clear of enemy planes.

As there were only seven gallons left in the fuel tanks, the moment had come for me to land.

But the excitement was over for the day. Just as I was coming in over the edge of the field with my landing gear down, a crash wagon shot out from behind the hangar into my line of flight. I didn't see him until he was almost beneath me and it was too late to climb.

One of my wheels just grazed the top of the truck, but the impact was enough to force it back up into the fuselage and jam the mechanism.

Now I couldn't even make a belly landing, which is the safest thing to do if your landing gear goes haywire.

I circled the field a couple of times and then came in to land on the one wheel with the other wing up. It was a pretty tricky business, but my luck held. As the wheel touched the ground, the ship wobbled for an instant and then I felt the other wheel flop down from the impact. I eased the stick and she settled down nicely.

What a day it had been! One hundred and eighty-five German planes had been brought down—officially. But I am certain that at least 215 did not get back safely to their bases in France.

The Intelligence officer at the station checked my combat report and I was officially credited with shooting down the Dornier. Though I had the satisfaction of knowing that the 109 was a pretty good "probable," I could not claim credit as I hadn't actually seen it crash.

That night we celebrated the R. A. F.'s victory—and our own. The squadron had shot down seven confirmed and five probables, which isn't bad for a couple of hours' work. My friend Jeff was the only one not there to share in the victory.

THERE have been many big battles since that day in mid-September. The R. A. F. have come closer to equaling the score on a few occasions. But the "Battle of London" still stands as the greatest of them all.

Not so very long after the big scrap, word came through that an all-American squadron was being formed in the R. A. F. and we were ordered to join it. Naturally, Andy, Shorty, and I were sorry to leave the boys. They'd taught us all we knew about combat flying and made us feel at home in England.

American pilots for the new Eagle Squadron were already in training when we arrived at our new station. All are experienced flyers and have at least 250 hours solo time. Though they come from all parts of the United States, I was pleased to find that more than 50 per cent of them are Californians, like myself.

Our squadron leader is Bill Taylor of New York, a former United States Naval Air Service officer who at one time was with the Fifth Fighting Squadron on the U. S. S. Lexington. Later he became an air-line pilot on the run between New York and Chicago. He happened to be in England when the war broke out and applied for a commission in the British Fleet Air Arm.

Within twenty-four hours after the first air-raid sirens sounded, Taylor had the distinction of becoming the first American to join the British fighting forces. He spent several months on the aircraft carrier Glorious and left her just a few weeks before she was sunk off the coast of Norway.

The rest of the boys in the squadron have now finished their training and orders have come through that 71 Squadron (Eagle) of the Royal Air Force is to go operational.

And the three original Rear End Charlies will weave no more. Andy, Shorty, and I were made section leaders.

Tomorrow we go into action.

Well, time will tell, as Andy always says.

THE END

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Mrs. Roosevelt Tells Why Women Can't Stop War

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FULTON OURSLER

IT IS STILL a man's world—and why? Because women want it to be so. Thus, at least, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt views the position of her sex in the conduct of business, politics, and affairs generally.

The First Lady has written a remarkably frank and sensible article on the subject which will be the leading feature of our magazine next week. It deals with many facets of the feminine question. Why, for example, if women hate war, as they say they do, do they not organize to end it?

"Sometimes," writes Mrs. Roosevelt, "it is said that if women got together and took a determined stand, we could do away with war. They tell us we can stop having children, we can refuse to allow the production of armaments—"

Then, with genuine forthrightness, Mrs. Roosevelt proceeds to show why women could not stop war even if they did stop having children—conditions are changed so in 1941 that American and European women may not imitate the women of Athens in the fifth century before Jesus as depicted in Lysistrata.

Here is an article that every woman will want to read and, may I add *sotto voce*, no man will want to miss, either.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S ARTICLE is a headline feature in an issue made up almost entirely of outstanding stories and articles. There is, for example, War Girl, the self-told story of an English soldier-woman, as related to Keith Ayling. Those who have read Mr. Ayling's Through Hell on Wings may be assured that this new serial of his, all of it new and, so Mr. Ayling vouches, all of it true, will entertain, inform, and inspire readers. From Thyra Samter Winslow comes another Liberty novelette, The Paper Crown. Ann Sheridan tells about her one-woman strike at the Warner Brothers' studio and why she thinks she had a grievance. There will be also included a four-star Amos 'n' Andy broadcast, a special quiz for the ladies by Princess Kropotkin, an exciting article on night baseball by Yankee Stade, a scientist's predictions of what 1942 will be like, by Harrison E. Howe, another piece about the theater, Yes, We Have No Bonanzas, by George Jean Nathan, a brace of fine short stories, and full installments of The Unobstructed Universe, by Stewart Edward White, and Footloose! by Grace Perkins, together with all the usual features. Now, doesn't that all sound pretty tempting?

SALMAGUNDI: I dined at the Thomas E. Deweys' the other night, and heard an interesting tale of an adventure that befell one of the assistants of New York's distinguished District Attorney—a tale of a murder in darkest Harlem and an unintentional third degree. In one of the flats of Manhattan's Negro settlement, a Negress plunged an ice pick through the heart of her probably quite shiftless husband. Naturally and without delay, he fell dead at her feet. The crime was witnessed only by the landlady, another Negro woman who was quite ill with the flu. Representatives of the Homicide Bureau and an assistant district attorney soon arrived in the rooms of sudden death. The accused woman was arrested, the eyewitness questioned, but the assistant district attorney decided not to take the landlady to the station house for detailed examination. After all, she had the flu and he did not want to endanger the life of his only eyewitness. So she was put to bed. Around her bedside stood a policeman, a stenographer, and the assistant district attorney. In the next room lay the body of the dead man, waiting to be carted to the morgue. The detailed questioning began, and presently it became clear that the ailing eyewitness was changing her story. From her original tale of unprovoked and murderous assault she was floundering into a concocted tale of self-defense. What she was doing was providing her friend, the murderess, with a beautiful if somewhat contradictory defense. The assistant district attorney protested that she had told him one story before, now she was telling quite another. The landlady was stubborn and even added more details to safeguard her accused friend.

It looked dark indeed for the cause of justice. Suddenly, in the midst of a momentary and baffled silence, there came a horrible groan from the adjoining room. And there was no one in that room but the dead man!

"There!" cried the assistant district attorney. "Did you hear that? It was the voice of the murdered man himself. Even his corpse could not stand your lies. Do you want to hear that voice in your ears for the rest of your life?"

"Naw, suh! Naw, suh! I tell you the truth now. I been lying, but no more for me. That woman kill that man because she hate him. Hyeh's what happened"—and the dark lady of the flu gave out with a true, full story of the homicide. Once she had signed her statement, the assistant district attorney gave a brief but illuminating lecture on certain aspects of rigor mortis. It seems there comes a time in certain corpses (not all) when, in the hardening process, the lungs collapse—air is expelled. That's when dead men groan and sometimes witnesses come clean. . . . Current books recommended: Call the New World, by John Jennings, published by the Macmillan Company; The Earth Is Ours, by Vilhelm Moberg (Simon & Schuster); Between Two Worlds, by Upton Sinclair, author of World's End (Viking Press); Benjamin Blake, a novel by Edison Marshall, another favorite Liberty contributor. Farrar & Rinehart is the publisher. Another book, The River Rises, by Helen Abbott Beals, published by Macmillan, is a first-rate New England novel, a fine piece of regional literature. . . . Did you ever stop to think of the contrast between the way man works and the way God works? Spring is here and man is busy fighting and playing. As he fights he fills the air with the horrible clatter of exploding bombs and the unending drone of bomber engines. As he plays he breaks the Sabbath silence with his activities. Example: the ear-splitting noise of the outboard engines. Man makes a hullabaloo in all his little works that he thinks are so wonderful. But in this same springtime God is bringing up from the earth uncounted billions of flowers and grasses, all in a great, sweet silence.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

There will always be *one* test we can't make

IN BUILDING THE FORD BUSINESS, we have not leaned primarily on salesmanship to make our cars successful with the public.

Instead, we aim to build a product so outstanding in its value that it will largely sell itself to the buyer who knows real motor car quality.

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Then, in building today's Ford, we test the job we do with equipment that is more remarkable than any ever developed before.

Testing machines used in making Ford parts, for instance, hold accuracy at many points to ten-thousandths of an inch, and in some cases surface smoothness is measured in millionths.

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NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies of the big 1941 Ford are longer and wider this year. Front seating width, for instance, is increased as much as seven inches.

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Actual color photograph—Furney S. King inspects a leaf of fine, golden tobacco

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